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CHURCH REFORM.

THE time has come for the staunch friends of the English Church seriously to consider in what respects it may be made more suited to the new requirements of these days; how the dangers that threaten it from within and from without may be best averted; how its organization may be improved; how its patronage may be better distributed; how its ministers may be more efficiently trained; and lastly, whether, by judicious and timely concessions, a large part of the nation that seems at present to be growing up outside the walls of the Establishment may not safely be brought within its pale. The subject of Church Reform is one of extreme difficulty. At every step, those who consider it carefully seem to themselves to be walking barefooted among hidden ploughshares. Yet full of difficulties as it appears, it is a subject that cannot be much longer adjourned; and courage and prudence alike counsel us to look the future fairly in the face. On the one side, the character of modern speculation, the turn natural science is taking of late years, the growing and petulant impatience, now so generally displayed, of all ecclesiastical dogma, whatever its value or authority, and an unfortunate appearance of decrease in the available learning of the clergy, have been gradually diminishing the legitimate influence of the Church of England on a considerable circle of intellectual and thoughtful minds. On the other hand, the last thirty or forty years have seen the development of large and populous towns, and the increasing political importance of a vast class which is bound to the national Church by no traditions and by no particular sympathy. This class is not merely growing in political importance: it is growing in education as well, and the time is not far distant when it will make its voice heard audibly in ecclesiastical matters. Below and beyond all these lie the great masses, buried in Cimmerian darkness, and scarcely moved at all by the waves of sentiment or opinion that roll over the upper surface of society. The dangers are new, and it may be wise to reflect whether religion does not require new forces and new weapons to meet them. In former revisions—as the preface to the Prayer-book fitly reminds us—the Church successfully avoided the alternative evils of “too much easiness in admitting” change, and of “too much stiffness in refusing.” It would have been the object of the great Reformers, who are the Fathers of the English Establishment, to preserve the same golden mean, were they but alive in these latter times. Had we, indeed, their spirit, at once so liberal and so faithful, to guide us, the task of Reform would be simpler and less perilous. To be Catholic yet not lax, to be bold yet not adventurous, to lose all private aims, all smallness of design, all prejudices in the view of the interests of the Church and

of religion,—such are the characteristics needed for a Reformer.

One of the noblest ends to be attained by a true Church Reform is the comprehension into one Catholic body of the scattered elements of English Protestantism, to constitute one truly national Church. To hope for a change so happy may be visionary; but, if it be not, around what centre better than the Church of England could such comprehension grow? She is already the Established Church of the land, and, from her *prestige*, entitled to the post of honour in the march of religious civilization. She is possessed of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, and, by bringing these into the field, under a new organization and management, she can triply multiply the power of voluntary contributions. In her communion are found some of the noblest and most highly educated minds of the nation, without whose presence a national Church could not be said to exist. No dissenting denomination of Protestants, however excellent in itself, could offer such a rallying point for union. And, therefore, in a true reform of that Church must be founded our hopes of a national Christianity of the future for England. Justly, then, is Church Reform a question of growing importance, and we may, on good grounds, feel assured that any proposals for the readjustment of the machinery and organization of the Church, which would tend to make it more emphatically the Church of the nation, will receive from an educated public a ready hearing. When we pass to the more complicated questions of Revision of the Liturgy and of the Articles, we find ourselves in broken waters. On the one hand, the Church must obviously remain true to her trust, and endeavour to hand on unquenched the torch of doctrine that has been committed to her. There must be limits beyond which she cannot go, without abandoning the gates of her citadel. On the other hand, the march of events summons her to widen her gates, if she would not be trampled underfoot in the rush and the movement of the advancing generations. How is she to give up anything without giving up all? St. Bernard remarks that the Church's vesture, like the coat of Joseph, should be of many colours, but, like the coat of Christ, should be without a seam. *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit.* The maxim is admirable, but unhappily it is the most difficult of all maxims to carry into practice. It seems to require an apostolic, or at least a patristic eye, to draw the exact line up to which concessions may be made, but beyond which not an inch is to be yielded. The best way to escape from the dilemma is, to keep steadily in sight the object of Reform, and the imperative necessity which calls for it. Putting aside a few extreme controversialists, who appear sometimes to care more for their party than for their Church, we cannot but

think that the prospect of what is before and around them ought to sober most serious observers. The ship is at sea, and threatened with a storm, nor can it afford to be over-careful about the safe carriage of this or that theological luxury. When a superfluous epithet, or an unnecessary sentence, keeps thousands out of the State Church, or harasses the consciences of thousands in it, wise Churchmen will be of opinion that the redundant adjective or paragraph had better go by the board. In a private society or in a select circle, unanimity of opinion may well be the bond that constitutes the connection of the various members. A national Church has greater and larger ends. It is a ready-made and powerful machinery for the conversion and education of the masses, and for keeping religion alive among the upper classes. Even from a political point of view it is a great conservative engine. Its efficiency is essential to the well being of the nation, and to keep it efficient Englishmen will sacrifice all that is not essential. It would be a grave misfortune should the enthusiasm, the piety, the evangelical zeal, the intellectual power of the country run into bye channels. Sooner than encounter such a risk, we prefer to think that in the Church of England—as in the House of God—there may well be many mansions.

The question, however, is not whether or no there shall be a change. It is the parable of the Sibyl over again. The change is coming; and the only question is, whether it shall be made by the Church's friends or her enemies? So far as we are concerned, our earnest desire is to see reform come, not from without, but from within. With this view, we begin to-day a series of articles devoted to the discussion of Church Reform, in the belief that it is better for the Church that this discussion should be begun betimes, should be conducted upon Church principles, and by her best friends. These articles will, of course, present the conclusions at which we have arrived, after mature and anxious deliberation, on each of the various points of discussion. But the questions to be considered involve such grave results, and are of such paramount importance, that we cannot hope that in every case we shall succeed in discovering a satisfactory solution of difficulties, which must present themselves in different lights to the various types of mind to be found among our readers. Besides, we may expect to be addressing men of learning, mature judgment, and great experience, whose opinions it may be desirable to learn. We, therefore, feel called on, in this instance, to depart from the ordinary mode of conducting our journal, by opening our pages, as far as possible, to correspondents, with a view to promote discussion, elicit useful information, and obtain materials through which more satisfactory results may be attained than could otherwise be hoped.

The reasons why it is best that the Church herself should inaugurate her own reform are, we think, sufficiently obvious. Firstly, because no other reform is likely to be so moderate or so reverent. Secondly, if the great spirit of Christian Catholicity has not been extinguished amongst us, no other reform is likely to be so liberal. The English Church is the freest and most enlightened religious body in the world. We believe that she will approach the subject of reform in a temper at once of fidelity and of charity—of fidelity, because it is her mission to preserve the substance of the faith; of charity, because those who preserve the substance can afford to neglect the shadow. Nor will the Church forget that she has never laid claim to infallibility, that all doctrine is but a human, and therefore an imperfect, expression of infinite realities; and that minor differences may well be tolerated among those who know that our best and happiest ideas are but guesses after truth.

THE FRIENDS OF POLAND.

IT may not yet be said that the Polish struggle has ceased to be a European question, but there is no longer any present danger of its being made the occasion of a general war. France, which was the only Power that seemed likely to take the initiative in such hostilities as were apprehended but a few weeks ago, is now content with a Russian promise of administrative independence for the Poles. The Foreign Office conscience of Great Britain, if not that of the English people, has obtained satisfaction by formally instructing the Czar that he is bound to fulfil the Treaty of 1815. The Court of Vienna, busied now with a scheme for rendering the whole of Germany subservient to Austrian statecraft, has, perhaps not unwillingly, forborne to press

those demands in which she so officiously joined with the two Western Powers. There will be no European Congress on the Polish question. Nor will the Allies, after all, make war against Russia because she has refused to submit it to their deliberations.

Yet the insurgents, for whom our sympathy was appealed to, seem by no means put down. Their warfare, raging at many different points in a vast region where they cannot be surrounded or brought at once to bay, will be prolonged until the leaders shall choose to abandon the desperate strife. It is by this time very plain, that the disposable forces of Russia, which has also to deal with a revolt in the Ukraine and with a renewal of the Circassian war, are quite unequal to the task of reducing Poland to her former state of complete subjection. And to those well acquainted with the condition of that unhappy land it would not be surprising if this slow fire, which has already burned up a large part of the military resources of the Russian Empire, should break out into a still fiercer conflagration.

There are symptoms, it is said, of such a change in the character and aims of this great national contest, as would probably induce the other European Powers to withdraw from it—if already they have not virtually done so—their countenance and moral support. Should these anticipations be verified, and should the Polish insurrection, slipping away from the control of the landed aristocracy, at length put on a democratic and revolutionary aspect, we may then indeed be sure that its fury will be spent in vain. We may then indeed be sure that no Foreign Power will hereafter intercede for the liberties of Poland. But the social and political foundations of the Russian Empire will have received a terrible shock. For it cannot afford to see the peasantry, on whose support it chiefly relies, arrayed in any province of the empire against its rule. The perilous land question, which has been hitherto kept in abeyance, is common to Russia and to Poland, and to all those countries of Eastern Europe in which serfdom has been recently abolished, or has been modified from its most oppressive forms.

It is by using this lever of agrarian cupidity to arouse the combative passions of an ignorant and miserable population of rustics, that the crafty artificers of cosmopolitan revolution may hope to win the Slavonic races to their grand design. They may still be looking to realize that Parisian formula, "the Democratic and Social Republic," which they failed in 1848 to impress upon the imagination of the working-classes in the cities and in the manufacturing towns of France and Germany. We cannot doubt that the Emperor of the French, who has, from the date of his election to the Presidency, kept an eye upon the ubiquitous intrigues of this sect, is now alarmed lest they should ultimately gain an ascendancy over the Polish movement, which might then be made a signal for reviving the frantic orgies of Communism and Democracy in Germany and France, in Spain and Italy, as well as in the East of Europe. For every one who knows what lies beneath the level surface of Continental society must be aware, that the Red Republican party is a snake which has been scotched, but not been killed. It is the mission of Napoleon III., who was styled by adoring priests and prefects "the Saviour of Society" upon his *coup-d'état* of 1851, to hold the Red Republic well under the heel of his Imperial boot. It is for this purpose of general utility that both the sovereigns and the capitalists of Europe have agreed to pay him so much respect. They have even permitted him, for this purpose, on more than one important occasion—and notably in 1859—to put himself at the head of foreign nationalities, in order that the Mazzinian or Democratic party might be prevented from turning them to its own account. But for the sake of the stability of the Russian Empire, on which much depends, Europe could not afford to let Napoleon III. undertake the dictatorship of insurgent Poland. Nor would the Polish aristocracy have been content, any more than the Italians were, to give him a *carte blanche* to dispose of their country as a recompense for his military aid.

There were some other reasons why Napoleon III. could not be suffered to take the rôle of the armed champion of Polish nationality in 1863, as of Italian nationality in 1859. It was obvious that the German Confederation could never endure a French passage of arms to their rear. By what route, indeed, could a French expedition have advanced to deliver Poland, without alarming, and even seriously jeopardizing, the neutral Powers? It must either have marched right over the body of Prussia, which would have been to violate the German Confederation; or it must have

been convoyed by Austria through her non-German provinces,—a disturbing apparition for the Magyars, the Czechs, and the Gallicians, who chafe under her rule. Or, lastly, it must have been confined to naval operations in the Gulf of Riga, from which it would scarcely have been possible to communicate with the Poles; their country being, as it were, landlocked, and, by the intervening Prussian territory, deprived of its natural outlook to the Baltic Sea. Without a conquest of Germany, in short, there was no way of reaching Poland by the military power of France. Under these circumstances, we can readily perceive why the alliance of the three Powers upon this Polish question limited their action to a diplomatic note, which Russia may take her own time to answer; and which will certainly not be followed up by any warlike demonstration, even if Russia prefers to treat it with contempt.

The Emperor of Russia has nevertheless wisely resolved to furnish the Powers which lately addressed him on behalf of Poland with a tolerable pretext for leaving this matter in his hands. A new Constitution for the whole of the Russian empire, with a Chamber of Peers nominated for life, and a Chamber of Deputies elected by the people, has just been announced. Besides this institution of a parliamentary government common to all the subjects of Russia, there are to be special constitutions for each of the nine regions or provinces, into which the empire will be divided. These are, namely, Ancient or "Great" Russia, with its capital at Moscow; Baltic Russia, with its capital at St. Petersburg; the Grand Duchy of Finland; the provinces around Wilna, Kiew, and Odessa, respectively; the kingdom of Poland; Kazan, or East Russia; and lastly, Siberia. It is expressly promised that, if the Poles do not choose to send deputies to the Representative Council of the empire, they shall be endowed with a separate Constitution on the most liberal basis, and ruled by a viceroy, in accordance with the votes of their Diet at Warsaw, on the parliamentary system.

Now, we cannot pretend to say whether the Polish nobles, country gentry, and clergy, who have so far directed and controlled the insurrection, will be satisfied with this promise of a separate constitutional government, instead of the absolute independence of their nation. But it is likely enough that those foreign Powers which have interfered on behalf of Poland will be glad to accept this project as a sufficient excuse for withdrawing their demand of a European Congress, to which Russia can never be forced to accede. The danger, however, still remains, that the insurrection may pass beyond the control of the higher and middle classes in Poland; and that it may degenerate, as we saw elsewhere in 1848 and 1849, into a wild ebullition of democracy, which would be mixed up with the element of agrarian communism amongst the recently emancipated serfs. The disastrous effects of giving such a turn to the revolutionary movement in Poland would be felt all over the Continent of Europe. If a military intervention of France alone, or of the three allied Powers together, had been practicable, it might have recommended itself to European statesmanship, as the only means of preventing this general calamity. But since, as we have already seen, there were obstacles, happily found insurmountable, to a European war upon the Polish question, it is to be hoped that the temper and condition of Poland may not yet have become too desperate. Are the conciliatory projects announced by Russia in time? One thing, at least, is now certain—that the Emperor Napoleon has washed his hands of the whole affair. And if a Mazzinian republic should be proclaimed at Warsaw, he will not, indeed, send a French army to overthrow it, as he did with Rome in 1849. But he will see it promptly done by the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, who, as they agreed in 1846 to suppress the Republic of Cracow, will again forget their differences whenever they are threatened with a new Polish republic, on the land which they have partitioned between them. And then Napoleon III. will send his best compliments to St. Petersburg, to Berlin, and to Vienna. *Finis Poloniae.* Meantime, as long as possible, let us have peace. After all, peace is a very good thing.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE Association meeting is over, and the British *savant* has retired from Newcastle to his native heather or else to his seaside shells. The scientific *belles*, who have been fluttering round lecture-rooms, distracting the thoughts of

grave professors, are once more upon the wing, wasting their sweetness on the deserts of domestic life, and looking forward to settling down again, in about another month, at the Social Science meeting in Edinburgh. All the foreigners of distinction who have come over to be present at the gathering have sworn their last oaths of universal friendship to the British nation, and are returning, laden with compliments, to Paris or Berlin. It seems to be universally agreed that the meeting of this year has been a complete success. The rain damped the excursionists without materially damping their enjoyment of the excursions. Gloomy and wet weather made Newcastle itself seem gloomier and blacker than usual. But even the weather was powerless against the wand of science. Either the interest of the proceedings, the popularity and hospitality of the President, Sir W. Armstrong, the hospitality of Newcastle in general, or all together, made up for the want of sunshine. There can be no doubt that towns like Newcastle are the proper places for an Association festival. The Association itself belongs in spirit to these great commercial and manufacturing centres. The distinguished scientific men who came from far and wide to attend it cannot stir a step in the street, cannot visit an engine-room, cannot descend a colliery, without finding the handiwork of science before their eyes. An emperor can create a capital like Paris, but science and industry alone can make Manchester, Nottingham, or Newcastle. In spite, however, of the natural attractions which draw it to such towns as these, next year the Association is to visit Bath. Bath is famous for its buns, for its pump-rooms, and for its fossil Indian generals. In a commercial point of view, it is also celebrated for being only twelve miles from Bristol. The attractions that it offers to the British Association lie therefore upon the surface. They can analyse the buns in the morning, and discover that the Bath waters consist of carbonic acid, sulphate of lime, chloride of soda, and sulphate of soda, in the afternoon. On Saturdays they can make special visits either to the Bristol Docks or to the Clifton Downs. Professor Phillips will be able to read a most instructive paper on the age of some of the Bath fashions, and on the spots on the faces of the oldest Madras nabobs. Professor Owen will lecture on Bath bricks. Mr. Craufurd will show conclusively that the use of the Bath chair is common to all the Teutonic races, and trace its development in the modern perambulator. Finally, Sir Charles Lyell, the new President, will have an opportunity of studying, in its most primitive form, not merely the antiquity of man, but the antiquity of woman also. When we add to all these advantages that Bath is only three hours distant from Pall-mall by rail, it is easy to understand the Association's preference for that city. It was in vain, under these circumstances, for Nottingham or Dundee to canvas for the coveted distinction:—

"These delights, if thou canst give,
Bath, with thee we choose to live."

A Parliament of Science, where the leading men in all branches of knowledge meet yearly to discuss and arrange their own experience, seems to realize the dreams of many great thinkers in past time. Most philosophers, who have attached real importance to physical science, have looked forward to a time when architectonic minds will be able to review and reflect upon the results of the labours of special scientific investigation. We have carried into science the principle of the division of labour; and it is the object of a body like the British Association to note up yearly the progress in each subdivision, and to draw therefrom what inferences it can. The *Regium opus*, which Bacon thought so worthy of a prince, is being performed by a number of English gentlemen, working spontaneously for no other object than the love of distinction and of truth. Nor are the yearly meetings without definite and practical results. Brought into contact and communication with each other, individual members ventilate their ideas, discuss their discoveries, and often learn to distrust their crotchets. The forum is the place to get rid of the idols of the cave, just as the cave is the place to get rid of the idols of the forum; and many an idol of the cave is shattered by the rude blows dealt him in the jostle of this philosophic forum. *Savants* from Ireland, France, Belgium, Sweden, and America, dine side by side with English professors, and either drive new ideas into, or at all events drive worthless ideas out of one another's heads. They learn to know their neighbours, and thus is created that system of intercommunication between

the students of different countries, which has happily now become general. Besides these obvious results of the Association, it has others by no means to be neglected. Wherever it pays its yearly visit it gives a fillip to scientific pursuits, and often encourages local merit. It is a kind of travelling university, which founds a taste for knowledge as it goes. Then, again, it promotes and provides funds for experiments, which could never be undertaken except under some such charitable patronage. Of such a character are Mr. Glaisher's balloon ascents, which have been the most interesting scientific experiments of the year, and the expense of which has been entirely defrayed by the Association. It is the opinion of those qualified to judge, that these ascents may prove most valuable sources of knowledge; and already facts have been discovered in them wholly at variance with our preconceived ideas. Lastly, it is at these Association meetings that science gets a platform from which she may address herself to the British public and the world. Apart from these utilitarian considerations, it is never to be forgotten that the British *savant*, like everybody else, has a right to his festival or his holiday, and that this is his way of taking it. To be able to discuss the valleys in the moon or the irregularity of the August meteors with Professor Phillips, on a platform in the presence of an appreciative audience, is a pleasant recreation for the man of science. It is to him what the parade day is to the British volunteer, who drills on such occasions all the better for being watched. The Professors of Great Britain are justly entitled to these honourable relaxations, and it is a sincere pleasure to believe that they thoroughly enjoy them.

It is the business of all philosophers to lose no opportunity of giving advice to the world at large; and the British Association have this year signalized their visit to Newcastle by producing for our benefit some sound and practical hints. The two principal suggestions have been with respect to coal and to the decimal coinage. The warning about the waste of coal is no doubt admirably meant, but Britons will not easily be led to economize for the simple reason that, if they do not, something uncomfortable may happen two hundred years hence. It is like endeavouring to be good and to practise self-denial for the sake of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Nobody could do it—not even a saint, unless, indeed, he were a saint belonging to the hagiology of M. Auguste Comte. The portrait of the man who goes without what he wants for the sake of the future benefit of his species is altogether an imaginary one. The picture of the British citizen saving coals out of pure regard for the interests of posterity is equally ideal. Sir W. Armstrong may be able to do it, or Professor Owen, or Sir C. Lyell, or some of the other illustrious thinkers who are accustomed to contemplating the prospects of humanity over a patent stove. But this devotion to the cause of our great-grandchildren is altogether beyond the reach of ordinary flesh and blood. It is a more tangible argument to urge that economy in coal saves a considerable per-centage on the price. In the manufacturing districts coal is cheap, and waste is therefore natural. Yet by careful firing, and by consuming their own smoke, a large manufacturing house may save eight or ten per cent. of the sum yearly expended by them on their fuel. The former is the scientific, the latter is the commercial argument, and while human nature is human nature the commercial argument will be the most successful. If the world paid the attention that it ought to pay to the sermons of science, it would soon cease to be the world it is. Tobacco-smoking would come to a sudden and melancholy end; snuff would dissolve into thin air; and it is even possible that man would learn to live on vegetables. It has been computed by some of the most eminent scientific men living, that if all London were to use one particular kind of smokeless grate, the atmosphere of London would become clear and bright at once. It may be so, but very few city people will be tempted by this splendid prospect into investing in the particular stove in question. The results promised are too contingent and too remote. One might as well attempt to persuade Englishmen not to marry young, for the sake of Malthus, and the population of the world. It is much to be feared that the hints of the Association will be thrown away. But the thanks of the country are in any case due to them for their advice; and whatever comes of it the Association of 1863 will have the satisfaction of remembering that it has done its duty to the coalfields of the nation.

IMPERIAL MEXICO AND REPUBLICAN AMERICA.

IT can scarcely be said that the conquest of Mexico is yet complete, or the new form of government fully established, or the future Emperor irrevocably chosen. It may be that the French may still find much work before them, ere their self-imposed task be thoroughly accomplished. Minor guerilla chiefs may refuse to submit, and may continue to give considerable trouble; brigandage, intrigue, and faction may retard for some time longer the final reduction and pacification of the country; and it is possible, though not probable, that on looking more closely at the prospect before him, the Sovereign elect, the Archduke Maximilian, may be induced to decline the Imperial throne. Still we cannot apprehend that any of these possibilities will materially affect the ultimate result. We may be quite sure that Louis Napoleon will not draw back from an enterprise which is now so nearly completed, and which has cost him so much. France cannot afford to be baffled, and is not accustomed to put up with failure and defeat, even in expeditions which are not or were not popular; and if the Austrian prince should finally prefer a quiet life at home to the splendid temptations of gratified ambition, other less cautious, and perhaps less eligible candidates, will no doubt be found. The idea of erecting a monarchical government in Mexico did not originate with the French Emperor. More than twenty years ago it was felt by the best and ablest dictator Mexico ever had, Santa Anna, that the elements of a permanent and vigorous Democratic Administration did not exist in that country, and could not be created, and that her only means of escape from ceaseless anarchy and utter ruin would be found in the establishment of an autocracy, and the selection of a European Prince. All that was sensible and educated among the Mexican people felt as Santa Anna did. A negotiation with the view of bringing about such a result was (about 1842, we believe) entered into with the chief Powers of Europe, and their sanction and co-operation were requested. The plan was favourably received, and matters even went so far that the crown was informally offered to the Archduke Frederick, and not refused either by him or by the Court of Vienna. But the United States threatened violent opposition, and the harmony which at one time had reigned among the great Potentates of the Old World was disturbed; Santa Anna fell from power; and the scheme fell into abeyance. It was, however, in the main, too natural and judicious not to be sure of revival on the first favourable opportunity; and having been now taken up and acted on by so resolute a Sovereign as Louis Napoleon, we may fairly assume that, under some modification or other, and under some chief or other, Mexico will become a settled State, with an imperial *régime*, and under the protection and enforcement of a French army of occupation. It remains for consideration how far and in what manner this stupendous change will affect the ultimate position and policy of the two great divisions of what was once the United States.

In the first place a crushing blow has been struck at the "Monroe doctrine," and that by the only Power with which the propounders of that doctrine never seem inclined to quarrel,—perhaps because it is the only one which is always ready to take up any gauntlet. That insolent declaration, which assumed to forbid not only the establishment or intervention of any European power, but the erection of monarchical government, on any portion of the vast continent of North America, was of itself pretentious in the extreme, and could find nothing either in the claims of justice or the ultimate welfare of the human race to warrant or excuse it. It was only a few years since European and monarchical authority had been compelled, in the era of its feebleness, to relax its hold on some of the fairest and most fertile and most extensive regions of that continent. It became year by year more obvious that republican institutions were utterly unsuited to the dwellers in those countries which, though they had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain, showed themselves quite unable to utilize or to maintain the freedom they had gained; and that the continued attempt could only insure a long period of suffering and turbulence and a final result of complete degeneracy and exhaustion. This, however, was of course what the United States foresaw and desired. They hoped, and with reason, that if they could only warn off European aid and monarchical vigour long

enough from the emancipated colonies of Spain, these would fall into their grasp as soon as they were ready to take possession, and would, indeed, be so wretched in their existing condition as to welcome any foreign conqueror who would rescue them and rule them. Mexico especially was marked as the first prey of the all-devouring Republic of the West, which had already desolated her in two wars, and snatched from her an enormous slice of territory by a shameless mixture of force and fraud. The establishment of a settled and strong Government in Mexico, under the protection of a first-class European power, to be recognized by the rest of Europe as a matter of courtesy and right, as soon as the establishment is complete, is, therefore, a double blow to the ambition of the Anglo-Americans; it deprives them of a vast and rich inheritance which they had long counted as their own; and it cuts them off from the still more tempting countries which lie still further to the south. In fact, it gives them, for the first time in their national existence, a fixed and definite Southern boundary. It renders their territory limited instead of unlimited, though still enormous. It bounds their imagination, and by that simple process wounds their national vanity.

Now, had the United States remained a unit—one great, mighty, homogeneous empire, entertaining the same projects, blended in the same passions, and governed from one centre,—the establishment of a semi-European monarchy in Mexico would never have been tolerated for an hour. Perhaps it might never have been ventured upon. At all events, if effected, it would have entailed an immediate rupture with the offending Power. But the dissolution of the Union has changed the whole aspect of affairs; and the question now is, which of the two sections of the Union, which of the two new nations, will resent the French creation of a Mexican Empire, and which will seek the aid and friendship of that possible ally? The *pride* of the Federals is the most deeply hurt, because they still fancy themselves the American Republic, destined to hold sway over everything that lies between the St. Lawrence and the Isthmus of Panama; and we are assured that the Government of Washington has already forwarded remonstrances both to Paris and Vienna. But at first sight it would seem as if it were the *interests* of the Southern Confederates that are most severely compromised, inasmuch as it was they and not the North that were always endeavouring to extend southward. If, indeed, the war were over, and the independence of the South were recognized, then the disposition of the North would probably be to form an alliance with French Mexico as the conterminous neighbour, and consequently the rival, watcher, and contingent foe, of a nation which Northerners cordially hate, and most anxiously desire to compress. But till that consummation is achieved, it will probably be the South that will coquette with Mexican friendship and seek the aid of Mexico's French protector, inasmuch as her comparative weakness and present straits make her urgently in need of foreign aid; and the alliance of France at this juncture would at once raise the blockade, and give her the victory she craves.

It is clearly the interest of France to secure the dissolution of the Union, and; if need be, therefore, to assist the South to achieve her independence; since the restoration of the Union would obviously render the maintenance of a (*quasi*) European monarchy in Mexico impossible except at the cost of almost permanent hostilities. The United States, if again really re-united, would at once revive and fight fiercely for the Monroe doctrine. We shall not, in consequence, be surprised if the completion of the Mexican arrangement be speedily followed by some decided intervention of France in the American civil war. With which of the two republics—when their duality is once a *fait accompli*—she may form a chronic or a permanent alliance—will be a question to be decided by the terms of separation. *Which-ever division of the old Union obtains Texas* will, we apprehend, be of necessity the habitual rival and enemy of Mexico and her European protectors, since the owners of Texas will be the parties whose designs of extension a strong Government in Mexico will effectually bar. If the South gets Texas, then the Federals will join with the French in keeping her in order and forbidding her encroachments. If, on the contrary, the South are on the whole decidedly worsted in the conflict, and compelled to submit to unfavourable terms,—if the Mississippi should be determined as their western boundary,—then it will be the Free States of the north and west, with Texas as their frontier, that will be

brought into juxtaposition, and therefore, sooner or later, into sanguinary collision, with the new empire that Europe will have established on their desecrated continent.

SIR C. TREVELYAN ON THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE is no one more competent to give an opinion on the subject of the Civil Service in this country or in India than Sir Charles Trevelyan. Having been at Haileybury he knows the system of education as it was under the Company—having served as a civil servant in India he has practical experience of the merits and the defects of the Haileybury civilians—having been Secretary of the Treasury he knows the merits and the defects of the old home system—having been the principal advocate of the competitive system he knows the reasons which guided himself and his brother-in-law, the late Lord Macaulay, in supporting that change, and his late experience must have enabled him to judge whether the new system has failed or has succeeded,—to know what are its defects, and how they ought to be remedied.

It appears that Sir Charles Trevelyan is not quite satisfied with the result of the competitive system, in India at least, and that he has made certain recommendations for the purpose of remedying those defects. But before considering these recommendations, it is most important to observe that he is still in favour of absolutely unrestricted competition. Admitting that this new system has its defects, Sir Charles Trevelyan maintains that upon the whole the present race of civil servants are as able and as honourable as their predecessors of ancient times. In this he agrees with other great authorities, and their opinion is confirmed by the success which attends the competition men in their Indian career. It would, indeed, have been somewhat surprising if Sir Charles Trevelyan had arrived at any other conclusion. About the very time when the competitive system was applied to the Indian Service, it was applied to the Civil Service in England and in some of the colonies, to the Artillery and the Engineers, to the Line, and to the Public Schools; and, above all, to scholarships and fellowships at the English universities. In every one of these cases it is admitted to have succeeded, nor has any attempt been made to modify it in the slightest degree. If, therefore, Sir Charles Trevelyan had expressed any doubt as to the success of this system in India, or had suggested that the old system of nomination ought to be revived, he would have stood alone. But he has done nothing of the sort. All he has done is to notice certain defects in the candidates, and to suggest a remedy. According to Sir Charles Trevelyan, there is "a want of gentlemanliness, knowledge of the world, *esprit de corps*, and physical energy in the majority of the competitive men at present." This is a charge which we seem to remember to have seen made before. Indeed, it was the favourite topic which used to be urged by the old servants of the Company, and which used to be treated with considerable levity by Sir Charles Trevelyan and his friends. The old Civil servants were well enough in manners, though by no means superior to ordinary people in middle-class society, whilst many of the most distinguished servants of the Company, such as Sir Thomas Munro, were men sprung from humble parents, and all of them were indebted to some influential man for their appointment. It was the glory of the India Company that most of its servants belonged to the middle classes, and one of the chief arguments against transferring the Company to the Crown used to be that the middle-classes would be deprived of the only appointments to which their claim was tolerably secure. The sons of threadbare aristocrats, obsequious parasites, and profligate politicians, would, it was said, fill the places once occupied by the sons of substantial merchants, of old civil servants, and of the military and naval officers of India. To avoid this, the service was thrown open to competition. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the new system has in this respect failed. The Civil Service Commissioners have in their Reports furnished abundant proof that the young men who are sent out to India must be well educated, and the stringent medical examination secures excellent constitutions and strength of body. It is not generally supposed that the sons of clergymen, lawyers, and merchants are wanting in manners or in *esprit de corps*, and according to the Reports of the Civil Service Commissioners these are the classes from which the majority of

the Indian civil servants are recruited. It is, of course, not unnatural that the civil servants of the Company appointed under the exclusive system should assume an air of superiority, and look down upon those who have been selected upon a more democratic system. If, therefore, the objection stated by Sir Charles Trevelyan has been derived from the old servants of the Company, it need excite no surprise. But it is only fair to assume that Sir Charles Trevelyan has himself investigated the subject, and has convinced himself that the objection is neither imaginary nor sentimental.

What, then, is his new plan? It is thus explained in a letter from Calcutta:—

"Leaving the competition, as at present, quite unrestricted, he would limit the age for passing the first examination to between 18 and 21, and send all who passed to either Oxford or Cambridge for two years, without any allowance for expenses. He would have each competitive man study the two vernaculars of the Presidency to which he is to be appointed during these years, instead of in India, and would send the young civilian, immediately on arrival, to his station in the interior, detaining only the best men to begin work in the secretariat offices of Calcutta. The object of this plan is to secure gentlemen by letting wealth have its fair influence, for poor men will not study for two years at the universities at their own cost; and to secure, by a university training, that gentlemanliness, knowledge of the world, *esprit de corps*, and physical energy which are said to be wanting in the majority of the competitive men at present."

Now it will be observed that there is no objection to the intellectual capacity of the competitive men. They seem to be all sufficiently able and sufficiently well educated. But they want polish. To bestow this refinement it is proposed to send the candidates who have proved successful in the first examination to Oxford and Cambridge. It must be very gratifying to those ancient seats of learning that they are selected as the *only* places in which a young man can acquire the habits of a gentleman. But it is certainly a new theory. The old gentlemen who remember Haileybury must find it difficult to explain how they acquired those gentlemanly habits which now shine so conspicuously by the side of the lads who join the Civil Service in India!

Sir Charles Trevelyan says that his object is to secure "gentlemen." It would be curious to know what he understands by that term. Certainly his mode of accomplishing his purpose is somewhat startling. He says it is to be done by "letting wealth have its fair influence." It seems almost as if Sir Charles considered that the possession of a certain amount of wealth was equivalent to the possession of a certain amount of what he calls "gentlemanliness." It is impossible to deny that two years at an English University must be an advantage to any man who chooses to make a good use of his time; nor are we disposed to underrate the social advantages of such a residence. But considering the insignificant number of the Englishmen who enjoy this advantage, it is startling to find such a man as Sir Charles Trevelyan suggesting that without having enjoyed this advantage it is rare to possess the habits of a "gentleman." If Sir Charles Trevelyan's scheme is to be supported, it must be supported upon other grounds than those which he has put forward. The ambitious and well-educated sons of poor men must not be excluded from the Indian service, because their parents or relatives cannot afford to send them to reside two years at Oxford and Cambridge. But if a residence at these institutions be thought desirable, there can be no difficulty in arranging matters. Supposing that there are eighty successful candidates each year, nothing can be easier than that the Indian treasury should supply each of them with £150 for two years, which would require only a grant of £12,000 a year. The burden upon the Indian treasury would be trifling, whilst the benefit anticipated by Sir Charles Trevelyan would be secured. But to restrict the field of competition, by making the Indian civil servants expend three or four hundred pounds between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, would be not only most unjust but most injudicious.

PRIVATE SCHOOL TEACHING.

FIFTY years ago Sydney Smith set himself to prove the superiority of education in private over that in public schools. Dissatisfied with what he conceived to be the tendencies of the monitorial and (its usual accompaniment) the fagging system, with the excess of muscular exercises, rendering habits of idleness inveterate, with the premature initiation into vice arising from a

too early familiarity with the ways of mankind—all of which evils, together with others, he regarded as inseparable from our great public schools—he pronounced them, on the whole, to be as unfavourable to the growth of virtue as to the cultivation of knowledge. We must leave it to Wykehamists to account for such impressions being left on the mind of their witty alumnus by his personal experience of one of the greatest of our public schools. That there was some foundation at the time for the charges brought against them, cannot for a moment be denied. Still, we should not have imagined that one who had been nurtured amid all the grand and elevating associations of a place like Winchester, could suggest no better remedy for the evils of public school education than the substitution of "seminaries containing twenty or thirty boys, under the guidance, above all, of a man of good sense." His arguments do not appear to have weighed much with the British parent. Fathers have dared to face the threatened demoralization of their sons; and while Eton, Harrow, and Winchester have greatly increased the number of their pupils, Rugby, Marlborough, and Cheltenham (not to mention others) may be said to have added themselves within the last half century to the rank of our public schools.

At the same time the demand for private school education has not in any way diminished. The fact is, that both reason and experience show the latter system to be equally necessary with the former. A very large class of persons desirous of giving their children a good plain education cannot afford to send them to a public school at all. But, no less, the reluctance on the part of those who can afford it to incur the expense of Eton or Rugby earlier than necessary, the desire of a closer superintendence by the master and his assistants over the habits and comforts as well as the teaching of their children,—the advantages offered by a place of education being near home,—and the obvious benefits of a moral, social, and intellectual "propædæutic" for the "little world" of public school-life,—these and other considerations prove, not (as Sydney Smith inclined to believe) the inherent superiority of private over public education, but the natural and useful existence of the one as a preparation for the other. The necessity for private schools, then, being taken for granted, it is no slight ground of congratulation that the improvement witnessed of late years in Harrow, Marlborough, and Rugby, has extended to most of the private academies, and seminaries, scattered over the kingdom. Some of this is owing to the higher educational ideas afloat in the country; much, also, to the example of the larger schools; still more, perhaps, to the Army and Navy Examinations, which require an intelligent knowledge of the specified subjects on the part of the candidate, and thus necessitate the application of a sound and efficient method of instruction to boys of a very early age.

Now, we should have much liked to know, when Sydney Smith was inveighing against the ignorance and idleness fostered in public schools, what was the intellectual condition of those "seminaries of twenty or thirty boys" which formed his ideal spheres of youthful nurture; and how many of them were enabled to secure the services of "a learned man" for their preceptor at a time when the position of a schoolmaster, even in one of our public schools, was barely admitted to rank among the "genteel professions." Mathematics and modern languages, we may be sure, were either not taught in them at all, or if so, were consigned to the care respectively of a half-educated writing-master and a distressed Frenchman, who came out once a-week from the neighbouring town. It is not many years ago since we ourselves found a particularly intelligent boy in one of these academies (presided over, too, by a Cambridge graduate), after two years' teaching of Euclid, fully believing that an angle was measured by the length of the lines that composed it; and our own reminiscences enable us fully to appreciate the training in modern languages under which the boy, just leaving a private school, imagined that a familiar article of furniture would be at once intelligible under the name of "*poitrine des caleçons*" to a French cabinet-maker. However, that a great change has taken place within the last fifteen years, and is at work still, there can be no doubt. We have recently come across a small pamphlet, consisting chiefly of a reprint of some "Hints to Tutors on Classical Tuition," originally published in 1846. The work itself is of little value, except as an indirect advertisement of the institution over which its author, Dr. Cox, presides; but without containing anything particularly new or particularly true, it affords some indications of the progress of classical and general education in our smaller schools. Our space permits us, on the present occasion, to notice but two or three of the more important points in which we believe this advance may be traced.

First of all, not only are the books used in teaching the rudiments of Greek and Latin vastly improved, but the method of using them indicates on the part of the teacher a much higher style of scholarship, and leads on the part of the pupils to a more intelligent appreciation of what they learn. Although we are surprised to find Dr. Cox clinging with amiable tenacity to the old "Eton Latin Grammar,"—which we had fancied the labours of Kennedy, Donaldson, and others had long superseded,—we congratulate him on his adoption of "an easy and pleasant method for the perfect acquisition of that grammar." Until quite lately, the only idea of teaching Latin consisted in making the boy learn by rote unintelligible rules, written in the very language he was studying to acquire, in the fond hope that some time or other he would be able to understand and apply them. It is encouraging nowadays to find masters using the grammar as a book of reference before it is committed to the memory as a system of rules, explaining beforehand the form, usage, or construction on which the rule is founded, and in various ways leading their pupils to regard the grammar as made for the acquisition of the language and not the language for the acquisition of the grammar. To be able to repeat the rule was the first and great commandment with the schoolmaster of the last generation; to understand the principle and quote an illustration of it is the wiser demand made by our present teachers on their youthful scholars. It were needless to enlarge on the benefits, direct and indirect, resulting from this single change.

Another improvement, hardly less valuable, seems to us to lie in the greater attention paid to philology in its various branches as an aid in teaching. How many boys, for example, thirty years ago, understood the meaning of a "case?" On the other hand, what a light must be thrown now on the chaos of genitives and datives, when most pupils are shown by their teachers at the beginning that these case-endings only serve the purpose of the prepositions which are placed before English words—that the "i" and "o" in "domini," "domino," simply express the "of" and "to" of their own tongue, and when the knowledge of even the rudiments of French and German will be made to illustrate by contrast the point in question! The same holds in a still greater degree with etymology. Nothing is calculated to enlist a young pupil's attention, improve his memory, and make him see the use of what he is learning so much as the perception of the likeness between his own speech and what he hears called "the dead languages." It is not that this was omitted by former schoolmasters, but their attempts were, to say the least, infelicitous,—even if their false etymology has not contributed in some degree to discredit the true. Happily we shall not hear again *ἀω*—"I breathe," derived from the first and last letter of the alphabet, as the first and last thing done in life; or *ὄφις*, traced to the reptile "*ὄ φας*" to Eve. Every new dictionary and lexicon adds something valuable to this branch of study, and the increased acquaintance with the modern languages makes its introduction still more welcome to the learners. Let an intelligent boy once have the likeness, not between single words merely, but (say, for instance) between the French and Latin conjugations pointed out to him, and a curiosity and mode of inquiry will have been awakened in him, which will go on raising for itself and solving after a fashion similar problems in each day's lesson.

A third point on which we cannot but think we have advanced—though here Dr. Cox will apparently differ from us—is the diminished stress laid on making Latin verses. We are perfectly aware of all that can be urged in their favour, as teaching the delicacies of the language, cultivating general taste, supplying a correct pronunciation, and so forth; but while we should be the last to undervalue these results when gained by the few, we cannot forget the time wasted, the honest labour sacrificed, the more valuable subjects neglected, by the many who never gain any of the said results at all. Of all the unsavoury sacrifices presented at the shrine of Parnassus we can conceive none equal to the "nonsense verses" written by boys at their first school. Yet till quite recently Latin versification formed a necessary and important part in the classical training of private as well as public schools; and there was no greater epoch in a boy's life than when he first succeeded in making Bland's horse "wander in wide fields," according to the correct measures of a Latin hexameter. Dr. Cox must pardon us for the hearty satisfaction we feel in the thought that it is no longer deemed necessary for a boy to have made some ten thousand Latin verses (more than are contained in the "*Æneid*") before he is nineteen years old; that except for boys who are likely to distinguish themselves at the University, the system is now rarely retained; and that the time once expended in hunting out epithets in the "*Gradus*," is free to be used more wisely on

subjects not less beneficial to the mind, and infinitely more valuable for life.

And here, perhaps, lies the crowning improvement of all. While the classics are taught more intelligently, other subjects are made of scarcely less importance. Arithmetic, mathematics, history, and perhaps the rudiments of natural science, are now put on nearly an equal footing with the study of Virgil and Homer, Cæsar and Xenophon. It can no more be said of the young Englishman or his preceptor, that his great object is "not to reason, to imagine, or to invent, but to conjugate, decline, and derive." Many are beginning to believe, with Dr. Donaldson, that the study of Latin and Greek should not even be entered upon till the tenth or eleventh year of age, and that the previous years of boys are better spent in acquiring the geography and history of their own country, and storing their memory with passages from their vernacular literature. However this may be, it is certain that in all the better private schools a wiser adjustment between the classical and non-classical part of instruction is now made with due reference to what may be known or conjectured respecting the pupil's work and prospects in life. The boy who is to enter business at fifteen or the army at sixteen, has not only not to swallow the same dose of Greek paradigms and Latin exercises as his companion who is destined for the University, but he is also furnished with the instruction that will best fit him for his calling. Such subjects as mathematics and modern languages are not regarded in the light of "extras," to be left to chance teachers, but are being more and more incorporated with the regular school-work, taught with the same precision and treated with the same importance as the rest. There is yet, no doubt, much to be done; but with improved books, better qualified teachers, and juster notions of education, with the various examinations challenging emulation, testing acquirements, exposing the incapable schoolmasters, and recommending the successful,—we may fairly hope to see a still greater improvement in the method and results of our private school teaching than any we have hitherto attained.

THE TRIAL OF THE PETTICOAT.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, with his good natured and kindly humour, undertook in his day to correct the follies of that sex which we all of us, in our hearts, admire. How well he succeeded is now a matter of history; a great deal of the suavity of manner, the general ease and sweetness of behaviour, much of the gentleness and good taste of the women of this day, have descended to us through our great grandmothers, who took lessons from Captain Steele. Indeed, as St. Patrick banished the vermin from Ireland, and as at the sight of his sainted staff the toads, newts, adders, blind worms, and hurtful snakes, slunk out of his way; so, from before the pen of Steele and of Addison, that licentious vulgarity and rudeness into which the women of the reign of Charles II.'s age had degenerated, passed and disappeared. It is as true, that in the reigns of the Tudors, and especially in that of the last and greatest of them, the women of England had become celebrated for greatness of mind and high culture, as in Cromwell's day they were for religion and purity; but the Restoration established a different rule of behaviour, and the ladies who grew tired of stiff decorum determined to act *per contra*. It is wonderful to what length the tyrannies of fashion will lead us. It is certain that fashion, and that alone, produced a very widespread immorality, and from this grew up a want of manner in rank luxuriance, a hoydenish, rude, vulgar behaviour, a neglect of modesty and person, which Swift exposed in the most cutting way, and which Steele, in a gentle manner, corrected.

Yet he was sometimes half inclined to give the matter up. A man so pure at heart, so truly a gentleman, could not do this in an ill-natured and ungraceful way; and the humour in which he makes the announcement of his resolution makes us smile. The headstrong girls, who then were all fresh and beautiful, full of dimples and smiles, with brilliant eyes and rosy cheeks, glossy hair, and a consciously proud look, and are now, alas! dry dust and ashes, or mere skeletons resting in family vaults or village graves,—were too much for the man of wit. "The truth is," he writes, "that I find it so very hard a Task to keep that Sex under any manner of Government, that I have resolved to give them over entirely and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes, that I had brought them to some order, and was employing my thoughts in the Reformation of their Petticoats." This solemn piece of humour was published on the 3rd of January, 1709, one hundred and fifty-four years ago, and the kindly humourist on the 5th of the same month proceeded with his "Trial of the Petticoat,"

which everybody thought was a piece of extinct and fossil humour until the follies of Crinoline made it as fresh as ever. The truth really seems to be that we go on grinding over and over again the same old silly tunes. In the British Museum there is an Egyptian wig some three thousand years old, which would have served very well for one of the wigs of the marshals of Louis XIV. or the great Duke of Marlborough. There it is, hardly a curl spoiled. We do not shave our heads now; we believe that Nature places hair there for some purpose; but we shall surely some day return to wigs, just as we have returned to Crinoline, a shop-keeper's word, almost universally, though improperly, applied to iron and steel hooping for stiffening petticoats.

But to go back to the "Trial of the Petticoat." The humour and wit of the author are so trenchant, and at the same time so delicate, and apply so exactly to the present day, that we cannot forbear reproducing the sketch for the amusement and we hope benefit of the present day. Sir Richard Steele, under the assumed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, imagines a court in which a jury is impanelled, and he sits as judge to try an offender. "But," he writes, "Word was brought to me (the judge) that she had once or twice endeavoured to come in, but could not by reason of her Petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this I desired the jury of matrons to report, and upon the return of a verdict from the bench of matrons I issued an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she had become little enough to enter my house. I had before given orders for an engine of several legs, that could contract and open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I could take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions." Notwithstanding this, however, the garment is so prodigious when extended, that Steele pretends only half could be seen at a time, for when it was unfolded it formed "so immoderate a circle, that it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature." He then inquired for the criminal, and to his surprise was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape that he bid her come out of the crowd and sit upon a little crock (stool) at his left hand. "'My pretty maid,' said I, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, that notwithstanding that it was her own petticoat, she should be glad to have an example made of it; that she wore it for no other reason but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality. That she had kept out of it as long as she could, till she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; and if she laid it aside, people would begin to think that she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal."

He then orders "the vest" (Dean Trench should mark this proper use of the word) which was before him, to be hoisted by pulleys to the top of the room, just as we now see the crinolines flaunting and expanded at the doors and windows of the shops. It was then spread open by the engine in such a manner that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over the heads of the court of judicature, covering it with a silken rotunda, in form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. "I entered upon the whole cause," says the judge slyly, "with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it."

The counsel for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to say what they had to answer, upon the popular cry which was raised against it. The defence was conducted with great strength and solidity, "and with florid harangues which they did not fail to set out and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The first argument was taken from the great benefits which might arise to the manufacturers. The common petticoat was only four yards in circumference, that over their heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that, by allowing twenty-four yards of circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which (according to *Sir William Petty*), supposing what ought to be supposed in every well-governed State, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade, which could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years." A second argument was founded on a petition from the ropemakers, since during the prevalence of the fashion an immense demand for cordage had arisen. Upon raising their eyes to the dome, the Court found "distinct traces of cordage interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery." Next came an argument for the Greenland trade. "How many hardy sailors,"

said the counsel, "have been employed in furnishing whalebone for these garments?" This was conceded, but Sir Richard did not anticipate that wonderful argument against gas which would have been equally applicable here, and which was furnished by an old lady of the Partington school. "If," said she, "you burn this nasty gas, and neglect fish oils, *what will become of the poor whales?*" Several other arguments, which we cannot here reproduce, were brought forward; we may add to them those of to-day—the assertion that the hooped petticoat (crinoline) is graceful; that it lightens the weight of under-clothing, and enables women to move more easily; that it employs hundreds of operatives in Sheffield, using up tons upon tons of iron, and that it exhibits and displays the beauty of our art manufactures.

But the Judge is inexorable, although, as he tells the Court, he is much moved by the arguments put before him. Such hoops might encourage trade on the one hand, said he; but consider the additional expense brought upon the fathers and husbands! The hoops also discouraged matrimony for various reasons as well as for the expense, and that institution was always encouraged by wise societies. They were a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who were obliged to spend so much upon dress that they could never have any money in their pockets. We may add, also, that which was not so much seen in Steele's day, that they are dreadfully inconvenient to the men; not unfrequently immodest in effect, and that, since their introduction, at least one person per week has, at the most moderate computation, been burnt to death.

But then, admitting all these charges against the use of crinoline, and deploring a fashion which has really very little to be said in its favour, we should be foolish to suppose that argument or ridicule can prevail against it. It would be, perhaps, "too curiously to consider," as Sir Walter Scott has it, how many deaths Fashion indirectly or directly has been guilty of, perhaps as many as the wars of Napoleon. The bad ventilation and narrow fireplaces of the last two generations were, very likely, owing to the fardingale, since Paterfamilias has even now to guard his fireplace. His grandfather moved it up higher from its natural place on or near to the hearth. Hence, too, bad ventilation,—in short, a man who was afflicted with a Crinolinophobia—we recommend this word to Webster and Worcester,—might trace all evils to its use. Certainly it increases the use of swearing, and as it is unlawful to take oaths, our sweethearts' petticoats have much illegality to be laid to their charge. We will not enlarge on this interesting subject; we cannot trust ourselves to say more.

Before we conclude we may add one paragraph in its defence. Crinoline has awakened us from a dream of progress and universal sisterhood such as few nations besides ourselves have indulged in. Women were declared to be in many senses the superiors, in all, the equals, of men. They knocked loudly at the gates of Colleges and Halls for admission. They were eager for degrees; they would be baccalaureæ in literature and the "humanities," and doctrixes in medicine and the inhumanities. Harriett Martineau was to have been a college Don, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe a leader in the House of Commons. But that dream of fair women is at an end. We have been rudely awakened. Madame Dudevant, the prudent and intense George Sand, has lately declared that women have not brain enough to enter the arena with men, and to this determination she has been brought by the follies of fashion. Are we not bound to accord to so distinguished a woman a respectful hearing? Can we demur to the verdict which a supreme judge of their own sex pronounces? We believe not: henceforward we must believe that women are and will be content to be pretty rather than precious; will love outside show more than inward worth; and will prefer Crinoline and vanity, Crinoline and extravagance, Crinoline and monstrosity, to a decent amplitude of dress and that heartfelt honour and respect which we all must pay to those who are wise as well as fair. So be it; it is the old story of petticoat tyranny, but the avenger is upon the fair tyrants; they are content so long as they can outrage the form which Nature gave them, and pass through fire to the grim Moloch of Fashion. They outdo the Hindoo; the poor widow, a victim to suttee, sacrifices herself at the grave of a husband, and philanthropists over here are shocked; the British matrons and maids burn to death at the altar of their deified petticoats, and the male Briton wonders, but is content. No caution of ours will avail,—the petticoat is as monstrous as ever, and the fairest forms in the world are still disfigured by this grotesque disguise.

"With varying vanities from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride
When offers are disdained and love denied."

PORTLAND WORKS.

TWENTY years ago, the long limestone island, lying off Weymouth at nearly right angles to the Dorset coast line, was a *terra incognita*, except to geologists and a few lovers of ferns and seabirds' eggs. People had to think twice before making quite sure whether their geography embraced Portland or not. Some dozen or more of reflecting men, the Prince Consort among them, had, it is true, perceived the splendid natural advantages of the place, and had understood how, by the aid of art, it might be converted into a first-rate fortress and harbour. Nor were even they the first to advocate the construction of extensive works at this point. It may be some consolation to unappreciated pioneers in any great undertaking to learn that the gigantic breakwater now completed, and the fortifications that are in rapid progress, might not have been so soon taken in hand, but for the untiring efforts of a single obscure person. This was a certain Mr. Harvey, late a postmaster at Weymouth, who, during a long life, spent freely both time and money in bringing the subject under the notice of Parliament. His death occurred, we believe, many years before the passing of the Portland Harbour Act in 1847, but his son survived to witness the complete realization of his father's lifelong dream. Put aside session after session for nearly fifty years, the question was at last taken up in earnest. The works were actively begun in 1849, two years after the passing of the Act; and Portland is now fast rising into notoriety as the Gibraltar of the Channel, a stronghold fit to bear favourable comparison with Cherbourg or Cronstadt.

In order to convey a clear notion of this great national undertaking, a word or two will be required on the figure and position of the island. Portland lies north and south, having a lofty escarpment on the north or land end, and gradually sloping downwards, and growing narrower towards the "Bill," or southern extremity. Its outline is by no means unlike that of South America, as drawn in an ordinary atlas. If we take our stand on the landward headland and look north, we shall see the Dorset hills about three miles distant, running east until they join the Devon ranges, and west to within a few miles of the Solent's mouth. Starting from a point below us on the island, and trending away westward in a line parallel to the coast, with which it becomes united some ten miles lower down, is the strange mounded isthmus of shingle, known as the "Chesil Bank." To the water area, 2,000 acres in extent, lying immediately beneath us, this bank has acted for centuries past as a perfect breakwater against westerly and south-westerly winds. The island itself is a protection on the south. The north and east alone remained to be guarded against by art. A little to our right we may now look down upon the noble work which has achieved this object. The breakwater runs a mile and three-quarters into the sea, first due east, and then with a sharp bend striking a point off north. The retrenchment school of politicians have had good reason for hailing it as one of the most economical investments of public money ever made. A certain amount of granite for the forts being excepted, the breakwater has been constructed entirely from material found on the spot, and quarried by convict labour. On the summit of the island, when the works were begun, it was roughly reckoned that 20,000,000 tons of rubbly *débris* were lying useless. Out of this material, during the last fourteen years, the convicts have sent more than 6,000,000 tons down the inclines. Trains of iron waggons have rolled out some 3,000 tons a day along the vast timber staging, which supports several lines of rail; and thus, by slow degrees, the whole of this stupendous mass has been "tipped" into the sea. It now forms a bank, 100 feet high and 300 feet broad at the base, well nigh as indestructible by wind and weather as Portland itself.

Strictly speaking, there are two breakwaters, an inner and an outer limb. The inner and much shorter limb is the only portion that has been elaborately finished off. This consists of a magnificent parapeted sea-wall of granite, reaching 600 yards into the sea, and terminated by a low but massive bastion or "head," mounting eight 68-pounders. Then comes the opening for vessels, 400 feet in width, and with a depth of 60 feet. The heads on either side are built perpendicularly to a depth of 25 feet below low-water mark of spring tides, thus enabling a line-of-battle ship to pass out at all times within a foot of the masonry, and making the opening good for the full width. The longer limb, though a mountain of stone in reality, presents no very imposing appearance above the water-line. All that meets the eye until the extreme outer point is a mile and a half of uncouth rubbly blocks, looking as if they had been tossed up by some submarine convulsion, and surmounted by the long black lines of creosoted stage-piles—each one of which, by the way, is said to have cost between £60 and £70 before it was finally screwed into the clay.

Terminating the entire length, there is now to be seen a vast cluster of piles, arranged in two concentric circles, and tightly girded by numberless rods, as there is rough water at this distance from the shore. This is the site, and below sea are the foundations, with fourteen divers at work upon them, of the great North Fort that is to be. The outer circle is 224 feet in diameter, and marks the outer circumference of the future fortress. A grim wall of granite, 56 feet thick, will surround the magazine now marked out by the inner circle, 112 feet across. The fort will be well provided with stores of all kinds; it will contain a considerable garrison, and will mount not less than 60 guns of the heaviest calibre. It will thus form a most important addition to the great fortifications on the island, and it is to complete its merits by doing duty as a lighthouse. Three or four years at least, however, will have to elapse before the North Fort is finished. At this moment it is slowly winning its way through a water-depth of 70 feet. The foundations are now being laid by the divers in a vast mound of rubble which has been laboriously "tipped in" from the tramways on the circles, and which reaches upwards through nearly 50 feet of the entire depth. As fast as the material, whether dressed stone or rubble, is required, waggon-trains run it out to the end of the breakwater. Here they are met by a "radial traverser," spanning the entire width between the circles, and bearing 56 feet of rail upon its own back. This machine looks as if life were in it, and is moved by steam with beautiful precision to any point in the circumference. The height is so arranged that the traverser's line of rails, when wheeled round to the proper place, shall be on an exact level with the feeding line along the breakwater-staging. A puff or two of the engine, which has been standing ready to second the movements of the industrious comrade about to relieve it of its burden, is enough to shift the train, with its 50 or 60 tons of stone, on to the traverser's back. Off goes this useful servant at the word of command, ready to stop and shoot its burden into the sea at that particular "bay" or section of the giant circle where the stone may be required. That is, supposing the burden to consist of rubbly blocks. If the feeding-train has brought a load of dressed stone, this is carried round by the same faithful slave to one of three other traversers mounting small cranes, by means of which the big masses are gently handed down to be dealt with by the spirit-level of the divers.

The divers, 13 or 14 in number, get good wages, but pass a cold and dreary time of it 20 feet below the sea. About 6s. a tide (four hours) is the ordinary rate of pay; and as a tide and a half is usually made in the day, a diver may earn his £2. 10s. or more in the week. Some of the men are experienced stonesetters, or specially skilled hands in other lines of work, and these can earn extra money. Each man is attended by four pumpers and one signal-man; so that the whole staff required is a large one. Coming out of their warm hut at the commencement of a tide, dressed in their thick flannels, and carrying over the shoulder the India-rubber dress ready to be put on in the boat below, they are a picturesque, though not a very cheerful-looking group. They do not, however, complain of any ill effects, excepting an occasional swelling of the hands, the only exposed part of their bodies. Divers and pumpers, and all, run about the timbers of the staging like so many rabbits, and every man lowers himself at his appointed bay into the big boat waiting for his arrival. The four hours are worked straight through with occasional breathing-times in the boats, but without any return to the hut. The great difficulty has, of course, been to prepare the surface of the vast foundation-mound of rubble for setting the first course of dressed stone. That course is now all but completed, and the rest of the work below water will then proceed very rapidly.

Of the Portland fortifications it is nearly impossible in short space to convey any adequate idea. They may be described as consisting of five principal strong points. There is, first, the Verne, an area of half a hundred acres on the extreme northern headland of the island. This is now completely surrounded by a stupendous trench cut in the solid stone, slightly varying in measurement, but which may be roughly set down as 100 feet deep and 100 feet in width. The enormous mass of stone thus displaced has all been spent on the breakwater. No trench to compare with this is to be found in any other fortress in the world. The most perfect accommodation, including water-tanks to hold 60,000 gallons, has been provided here for a peace-garrison of 3,500 men. After the Verne, all the other points of defence, strong as they are, seem dwarfed in proportion. There is, next, the East Weir, a name given to the lofty slopes overlooking the breakwater and tramway inclines; and, in the opposite direction, two small batteries are being erected at the villages of Easton and Weston. There is, fourthly, the North Fort, now building at the outer end of the breakwater; and the

last point is the Nothe, a long narrow tongue of land dividing the little harbour of Weymouth from the great Portland roadstead. In works of this extent a certain degree of doubt prevails up to the last, as to the precise number of guns to be mounted. The following figures will, however, give a tolerably accurate notion of what is intended:—The Verne will bristle with 200 guns; the East Weir batteries are to mount about 80; the Easton and Weston works, 60; the North Fort, 60; and the Nothe, 80. One or two small outworks will probably raise the whole number of guns to about 500. It is needless to multiply words on the priceless value to a great nation of a fortress such as this. Portland was not unheard-of in past history, when the Armada was worried in its roads by the stout volunteers of the south coast, and when the Cavaliers and Roundheads came to loggerheads in front of the ancient castle on the beach. When its name is next recorded, it will probably be in connection with some great and effectual blow struck in defence of the peace of the world.

THE ENDLESS ASSIZES AT CROYDON.

OUR contemporaries of the daily press rule the affairs of the State with so much judgment and energy, that a man with a grievance is beginning to be considered something of a *rara avis*. Yet in one of the metropolitan counties such men exist in shoals. Throw a net over the Croydon Court-house during assize time, and you have a prodigious haul of people with a grievance. Judges, counsel, jurymen, witnesses, are alike ill-used and remonstrant. But our choicest specimen of the man with a grievance shall be the Croydon jurymen. He is taken from his business for three weeks to try causes, with many of which he has no more local concern than if they had occurred in the kingdom of Laputa. If he be a common jurymen, he has to try a series of trumpery cases, half of which ought to have been taken into the County Court, or settled by arbitration. If he be a special jurymen, he may be sworn in some monster cause, which "rolls its slow length along" for a week. He is put to great expense and infinite personal inconvenience. He must neglect his house, his business, his domestic affairs. He must leave important concerns, involving the interests and well-being of his family, to clerks, shopmen, or other subordinates, who may inefficiently supply his place in the office, the warehouse, or the farm. He tries cases in a chronic state of irritation and anger. He is called upon to administer justice when he feels himself the victim of injustice. He listens to speeches of counsel, and is expected to sympathise with the ill-treatment of their clients, when the ill-usage which he is himself receiving is uppermost in his mind.

Let us look into the Nisi Prius Court at Croydon on one of the last days of a monster trial. The court is up several pairs of stairs, and is, perhaps, not hotter, or more stuffy, or more inconveniently arranged than the generality of English assize courts. The special jury have been long ago acquainted with every important fact bearing on the case, and resign themselves with mild despair to the prolixity of counsel and the cross-examination of witnesses. One jurymen gave audience to his clerk this morning at five o'clock, and got through the details of the day's work of his own proper calling before he came into court; and this, it is whispered, he has done every day since he has been in attendance at the assizes. Another lives in the country thirteen miles off, drives into town every morning and returns home at night. Some sleep in the town at no slight expense; others, who only live five or six miles off, gain their homes at night. All the jurymen have a weary, languid air, as if they had offered themselves to a French veterinary professor, and undergone frequent experiments in vivisection. Their legal remuneration is one guinea each for a case extending over any number of days. In the present case they will, by an unaccustomed act of liberality, receive a guinea a day for their services, being at the rate of about two-and-sixpence an hour for the time and attention they have given the cause. Mr. Wolley, Campden House, and the Sun Fire Office, are no more to the Croydon jurymen than Hecuba to Hamlet's player, or the player to Hecuba. He is no more called upon to mourn over Mr. Wolley's wrongs or Temple's burns than the man who refused to weep over a funeral sermon because he did not live in the parish. Is Middlesex a county so sparsely inhabited that no special jury could be found within its limits that was not on visiting terms with Mr. Wolley?

The Judges of Assize would probably deprecate any allusion to their particular grievance. "Their time," they would say, "belongs to the public," and a high judicial etiquette may, perhaps, require them to be indifferent to a month's assize at Croydon. They may prefer Mr. Robinson's mansion to the comforts of Old Palace-yard and Hyde Park-gardens. They may think a Westminster term,

held by adjournment at Croydon, fair to the Judges who go the Home Circuit, desirable in the interests of the entire Bar, convenient to London witnesses, and just to Surrey jurymen. Mr. Baron Bramwell is well known to be a judicial functionary of nearly angelic temper, but we can imagine a judge of a more impatient and irritable disposition losing all patience at being called upon to try, at a little town in Surrey, causes that ought to be tried in Westminster Hall, others that ought to have been taken into the neighbouring County Courts, and a large proportion that ought never to be tried at all. "Patience is a good nag," Sir Walter Scott remarks somewhere, "but she will sometimes bolt." We can suppose a Judge of Assize under engagement to join some friends on the 1st. Mr. Rush, in his "Residences at the Court of London," relates that when some important diplomatic conference was finished, he and his colleague, Mr. Gallatin, "without reflection named the 1st of September for the next meeting." "*Spare us*," said one of the British plenipotentiaries; "*it is the first day of partridge shooting*." If, as the American Minister observed with astonishment, "Ministers of State, even Lord Chancellors, can hardly be kept on that day from going afield," may not some possible puisne Judge be pardoned, if towards the end of August he becomes a little anxious and uneasy? Would he not, in the first instance, look aghast at a common jury cause list of 120 cases, from time to time make severe remarks on cases palpably got up by attorneys, gradually lose patience as the month of August ran out, and, finally, when only the dregs of the cause list remained, would he not end by knocking them over like nine pins, and getting rid of them anyhow?

The Croydon Assizes began on Monday the 3rd of August, and occupied Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Baron Channell until the evening of Monday the 31st. A few years ago these assizes used to last ten days or a fortnight, instead of a month. The Croydon cause-list has been gradually becoming more and more formidable. It has now reached the stage of a gigantic abuse. Like the power of the Crown in the "good old times" of Toryism we may say, "It has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." We are told that the judges are unanimous in condemning the present state of things, but that they are powerless. Nothing but an Act of Parliament can cure the evil. No doubt attorneys obtain verdicts two or three months earlier than by waiting to carry their causes into Westminster Hall. But they must surely have other and more cogent reasons, which they have not thought it desirable to make public, for carrying causes to Croydon. The innkeepers of that small and genteel town largely profit by the long continuance of the assizes and the trial of "monster" causes. The tavern bill of one plaintiff at the late assizes is rumoured to have run up to two hundred pounds. On the other hand, the judges, the bar of Westminster Hall, the witnesses, and, above all, the Surrey jurymen, are entitled to some consideration. If the interval between Trinity and Michaelmas terms be too great, let the long vacation be abridged. But a mock Surrey Assizes for the trial of Middlesex monster actions and trumpery Middlesex common-jury causes—a post-Trinity and ante-Michaelmas Westminster Hall sittings held at an inconvenient little country town twelve miles off—bills of costs unnecessarily swollen—witnesses haled out of town and hurrying to save the morning and evening trains—judges and barristers exposed to serious discomfort and an unduly prolonged absence—and Surrey jurymen suffering a martyrdom of pecuniary loss and personal inconvenience,—make up together a monster abuse and nuisance which cannot too soon attract the attention of her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

DERRY DOWN DERRY.

FIERCE has been the indignation which, in the Maiden City, has descended on the devoted head of Mr. Cox of Finsbury. Recruiting his exhausted frame, after the labours of the Parliamentary session, by a tour through the Emerald Isle, it has been his fate, as deputy-governor of the Irish Society, to fall foul of the haughty corporation of Londonderry. As the Irish Society occupy the position of being both landlords and political guardians of that city, a deputation paid it a visit last week in order to examine and report on the state of affairs, and entertain proposals for renewals of leases and making various necessary improvements. On the deputation with Mr. Cox were Alderman Humphery, and the Messrs. Ebenezer Saunders, John Kelday, John Kearns, and William Lawley, all good and trusty men of London. As might be expected, interviews of this kind between two parties, each jealous of its rights, do not pass off, especially in Ireland, without some unpleasantness. It was particularly so on the present occasion. Before the arrival of the deputation, there had been already murmurings of grievances

to be redressed, and rights to be insisted on. The local press also had been busy blowing the coals, and preparing a warm reception for the Londoners.

But Mr. Cox was not the man to be trifled with. The corporation had yet to learn that in confronting him Greek would at least meet Greek. And so in fact it turned out. The press was duly rebuked for its presumption; but for the corporation were reserved the fullest vials of wrath. That august body had demanded of the Society that their leases should be granted for a greater number of years than heretofore was the custom, and alleged that, under the present leases, there was not sufficient encouragement for building. This was more than Mr. Cox's sense of the reasonable could withstand. He first demolished the corporation's argument by showing that the leases granted in 1820 were considered so good that, when afterwards sold, they actually realized £35,000; and having done so, he was fast rushing forward to demolish the corporation itself, declaring that "he would never consent to grant any of the land or property of the Society to a corporation who came *SNIVELLING*,"—when his speech was brought to a sudden stand-still. His last word had been in its effect electric. Never did scarlet cloak excite fiercer ire in maddest bull. Uproar and confusion in angriest forms enveloped the combatants. Mr. Cox was overpowered with cries of "shame," groans, and hisses; Mr. Cox was called on to retract; and Mr. Cox honourably retracted. It was certainly a terrific word—"snivellers"—with ugly synonyms, to apply to the proud descendants of the garrison of immortal memory. Let no one be surprised should he hear at the next commemoration of the shutting of the gates, of the execution of the deputy governor in effigy, in company with the traitor Lundy.

Irish hearts, however, are warm and forgiving. This sudden ebullition of wrath was soon converted into laughter, but at the expense of the Society. The corporation, only half satisfied at being able to do no more than make Mr. Cox swallow his words, had their desire for revenge afterwards fully gratified in listening, with much laughter, to Town-Councillor Cohoun's ludicrous description of the fashion of the reception which Derry men meet with here in London from the Irish Society. On a member of the Derry corporation going to the office of the Society he is, Mr. Cohoun tells us, first shown into a dark room—very dark. There he must wait, "like a beggar-man," for a considerable time. At last, as his patience begins to be worn out, the secretary walks in and asks, in a half whisper, "What do you want?" This is stage number one. He then leaves the Derry corporator. After twenty minutes, or more, the secretary returns, and, in a gentler whisper, repeats the question, "What do you *want*?" and then again vanishes. This is stage number two. How many more such stages there are, we are not informed, but it is implied that there are many. No progress, however, is made, and the result is, as Mr. Cohoun declares, most unsatisfactory, injurious to the Society, and disrespectful to Londonderry.

But our readers may ask, What is this Irish Society whose authority is wielded from the Guildhall of London over a whole Irish county? The answer to this question leads us to the story of the plantations of Ulster. The commencement of the reign of James I. was signalized in Irish history by the forfeiture to the crown, through the suppression of the O'Neill rebellion, of the greater portion of six counties in the north of Ireland. This fact is the starting-point in the history of the Irish Society, and of the successful substitution of the Sassenach for the Celt in the "Black North." A happy idea struck the mind of King James—probably the best that ever occupied it. It was to colonise the forfeited territories with Protestant settlers from England. The king sought no personal advantage from the undertaking. His object was solely to promote the benefit of the settlers, and with it the advancement of religion and civilization in Ireland. The first object was to find a body of men who would undertake the management of the plantation. He looked round and found none more capable than the corporation of the city of London. A scheme, with proposals, was drawn up and submitted to that august body; and the result was that, after due inquiry and deliberation, it was adopted. The corporation undertook, on their parts, to furnish £40,000, to be raised by levying a twelfth part (£3,333. 6s. 8d.) on each of twelve of the leading City companies. The king, in return, engaged to give in perpetuity to these companies a portion of the forfeited estates, comprising the greater part of the present county of Derry, subject however to the fulfilment of the conditions of the plantation. In order to carry out the king's intentions, a society was incorporated by Royal Charter, to which was given the name of "the Society of the Governors and Assistants of London of the New Plantation in the Kingdom of Ireland." Such was the origin of what, for brevity sake, is now called "the Irish Society," which

by this charter consists of twenty-six members (thirteen of whom go out annually), being a governor and deputy-governor, and twenty-four assistants, of which five must be aldermen, the recorder of the City another, and the remainder London citizens; the elections to take place annually at the first Common Council held after the feast of the Purification of the Virgin.

To this society, thus incorporated, possession was immediately given of a portion of the forfeited estates. This was in the year 1613. Their very first act was to send commissioners to survey and value them. This duty being performed, the commissioners returned to London; and the twelve portions were then distributed by casting of lots among the City companies. Thus the City Guilds of Goldsmiths, Grocers, Drapers, Mercers, Merchant-tailors, Vintners, Fishmongers, Clothworkers, Salters, Ironmongers, Haberdashers, and Skinners, became the twelve tribes of London, among whom was divided the goodly promised land of Derry—inheritorships which are theirs to this day. But the analogy between the Londoners in Derry and the Israelites in Canaan does not end here. There was a thirteenth and a dominant tribe, which towered in authority over the other twelve. For this, too, an inheritance was reserved; and this tribe was the Irish Society itself. The two seaport towns of Derry and Coleraine, with their adjoining liberties and lands, were included in the King's grant, and to rebuild, fortify, and populate them, were among the most important of the duties of the plantation. To divide each of these towns into twelve portions, a share for each company, would have been a fatal error of management, sure to lead to serious consequences in times of danger, when unity of action is salvation. The commissioners, therefore, recommended that they should be retained under the management of the Irish Society itself, that Society paying regularly to the City companies their shares of the profit-rents of the land, after deduction of the expenses attending the fulfilment of the general trust. The recommendation was carried out; and thus this corporate body of twenty-six individuals, changing its material and mental identity every two years, became landlords as well as political governors of the two goodly strongholds of Londonderry and Coleraine, while the Companies, who are the real absorbers of the fat of the land, were banished to the rural district.

The after-story of the colonization, though full of vicissitudes, is briefly told. Placed in possession of their estates, the Companies seem to have soon discovered that they had made no great bargain. Their duties as planters were neglected; and grievous were the complaints made of them at head-quarters. The consequence was, that in the reign of Charles I. the estates were sequestrated by the Court of Star-Chamber, the Society's charter cancelled, and Bishop Bramhall, of Derry, appointed receiver. This state of things, however, did not last long.

The Corporation of London had fortunately entertained Charles, on his return from Scotland, at a sumptuous dinner; and whether it was owing to the softening effects of this good cheer, or a perception of the real merits of the case, the King promised to revoke the judgment of the Star Chamber; but days of trouble came, and the King could not fulfil his promise. The Protector, Cromwell, afterwards by letters patent restored the Society, and conferred on them their original rights, but the charter was never enrolled in the office of the Rolls in Ireland. For Charles II., therefore, was reserved the honour of granting the present charter of the Society, in which were restored all the estates and rights the city originally possessed. The siege of Derry was the next event of importance, with reference to which the Society seems to have fairly acted its part. The city had been duly fortified and supplied with arms and ammunition, and each Company, moreover, contributed two of the guns, which, many of them, are still to be found mounted on her walls; and there cannot be a doubt that the connection of Londonderry with London on that occasion contributed in no small degree to maintain the spirit of the garrison and hasten forward the relief which effected its deliverance. After the raising of the siege, the thanks of King William and the City of London were forwarded to the heroic defenders of the now ever-renowned city; the fortifications were repaired by the Society, and £120 (a large sum in those days) sent by each of the City companies for the rebuilding of the houses and the relief of the famished inhabitants.

The doings of the Society were afterwards of a less warlike, though not always less disputatious kind. There were lawsuits with the Bishop of Derry, and disputes with the local corporations as to the Society's right of confirming or rejecting the bye-laws of Londonderry and Coleraine, which were eventually decided in favour of the Society. Through some mismanagement, however, it seems that the advowsons of certain livings in the county, granted by the Crown, were lost to the Society. But, in

all other respects, its work has prospered, and the estates of the London companies, which in 1613 were valued at £1,800, now bring in a rental of over £100,000; and the tenantry, as a rule, on the properties which are now retained in the hands of any of the companies without being let in perpetuity, are the best cared for and the happiest in Ireland. Of these twelve tribes, four, however—the Vintners, the Goldsmiths, the Haberdashers, and the Merchant Tailors—have alienated their inheritances in perpetuity; the first receiving no more than £212 per annum for 25,000 acres. The remaining companies, however, retain theirs in their own hands, or have let them profitably on terminable leases.

One original mistake was, however, made, though it concerns only a trifle—namely, the change of the ancient name to Londonderry. Not that the people object to the name, or are ashamed of their London connection. No; on the contrary, they are proud of it. It has only one fault, is too long, has too many syllables; and therefore, through the tendency of human nature to abbreviation, it must fall into disuse. No Derry man ever calls the proud capital of his county by any name but Derry—"Darry," in the Northern accent—"the wood of the oaks."

WRESTLING A NATIONAL SPORT.

Nothing strikes a man more, when taking his holiday in the Lake district, after the fatigues of the year, than the different motives which seem to actuate the population he has left and that amongst which he finds himself. In the metropolis the great prizes of life are all referred to a money standard. Merchants toil through a weary life in order that it may be said that they will "cut up well,"—that they have died worth "a plum." Professional men of all kinds make it the business of their lives to fill their purses, and the accomplishment of this object, to speak broadly, is the grand aim and end, the crown and the prize, that makes up to many for all their toil. When the worn-out citizen, however, gets among the dalesmen of Westmoreland and Cumberland, especially at this time of the year, he finds himself surrounded by a people whose greatest prize in life,—that which every village lad dreams about and struggles for, that which every vigorous young yeoman trains for and prays for,—is the wrestler's champion belt. The visitor seems to have suddenly found a race of young athletes and heroes, such as he supposed had not existed since the times of Homer or of the Niebelungenlied. As he watches the stalwart wrestler throwing antagonist after antagonist in the ring, until he finally stands forth triumphant as the champion wrestler of all England, he cannot restrain the conviction that he has looked upon a noble sport, which perhaps contains in it far more of greatness and of the elements of manhood, than that vulgar pursuit of wealth which he has made his god. If we are to hold our own against all comers,—if this tight little island is to meet the world in arms as she has already had to do,—would it not be better that our purses were a little lighter and our limbs more brawny and agile, directed by a quicker eye and a more ready brain? Such thoughts as these must have passed through the minds of all those visitors who, at the last contest at the Ferry on Windermere, witnessed Ewebank throw Jamieson, and saw the victor stand forth, the model of a perfect athlete. We want some popular athletic games to keep up the national standard of health and strength,—an Olympic game which shall invigorate the sedentary masses that congregate in our crowded cities. Horse-racing may perhaps be considered in this light, but this pastime only leads to the dwarfing of the jockeys. A pugilistic encounter may be said to call forth the pluck and endurance of our people, but it is stigmatised as brutal in its tendencies.

The prize-ring is, without doubt, in the hands of blackguards. Nothing could show better the very strong love inherent in our nature for combats which test the physical capabilities of those who take part in them, than the encounter between Tom Sayers and Heenan. It took place in the very teeth of the law, and yet half the two Houses of Parliament witnessed it. This fact alone proves that manly strife is sufficient to enlist the enthusiasm of the nation. But prize-fighting, as a rule, is only tacitly tolerated, and we are sure that the glories of P.R. will never be revived again; the details are always disgusting, and it lives in an atmosphere of blacklegism and blackguardism, which will prevent English manhood from backing it up any longer. In the very last fight between Mace and Goss, which came off on Tuesday last, after the combatants had been three times driven from the ground by the police, it was terminated in a manner only calculated to sicken one. "A left-handed blow on the nose," says the *Times* reporter, "and a right hander on the jaw prostrated Goss, who fell with his head doubled

up under him in a state of insensibility;" a most unheroic attitude, which no true lover of humanity would wish to witness. Fighting, then, being under a ban, and horse-racing having no tendency in the direction of muscular training, it appears that we want a national sport to uphold the thews and sinews of the people.

We have the Volunteer movement, it is true, but the chief end and aim of that movement is to make good marksmen; and there are other virtues besides those of quick sight necessary to make us a military people. In all foreign armies the gymnasium is considered an indispensable addition to the drill-ground, and our Volunteers, if they hope ever to be good soldiers, should be strong and active limbed. How can we insure this? It strikes us, that if wrestling could be instituted as a national pastime, instead of being only a local institution, as it is at present, the end would be gained. There is nothing in wrestling that the most fastidious person could object to. Rosalind watched her Orlando throw the bully Charles with all the glow of innocent pride, and we see no reason why our Princess should not preside at a fair match between man and man, with as much propriety and grace as Royalty now watches the proving of the speed of horses, or patronises the putting of the stone in the Highlands. Nay, we see good reasons why we should watch with greater favour the struggle of human muscles in the most intensely exciting of all contests. Only those who have witnessed the final tussle between the candidates for the champion-belt can understand the intense interest excited in the spectators during the course of the struggle. Noble lords, whose fortunes may depend upon one horse's neck protruding itself before those of others at the winning-post, may perhaps feel a deeper money interest, but it is not comparable with that drawn forth by the expression of the human body as it sways to and fro, and heaves and trembles, ere it is finally prostrated, either conquering or conquered on the field. Neither can any exercise be compared with it as a training for the wind and limb, the quickening of the eye, or the nerving of the will. Perhaps the finest models of men in this country, possibly in the world, are to be found among the picked wrestlers of our northern counties. Let us invite the Ewebanks and the Jamiesons to come from their native hills and try a fall with some of our west countrymen. In Cornwall and Devonshire there are good men and true, who would no doubt like to try conclusions with them, although the practice of north and south in that matter is somewhat different. At all events, we feel no manner of doubt that if the theatre of these manly struggles was transferred from the narrow ring of Keswick to the wide-world ring of the metropolis or its neighbourhood, and if personages of royalty and fashion were to patronise them, wrestling would speedily become as general as cricket now is, and would finally beat the prize-ring out of the field. If the belt were given by the fair hands of our young Princess, it would be a prize that no class would feel ashamed of contending for; but this is so simple a means of enlisting the interest of all classes, that we fear it never will be done. But why may we not hope for it? The terrible spirit of caste, which not long since kept class from class in their amusements and pleasures, is being broken down by the Volunteer movement. When ladies of rank and noble lords condescend to mix with the privates recruited from all classes in the midnight bivouac at Wimbledon, we may hope that a better spirit is setting in; one that will for the time merge social distinction in the pursuit of a common duty or pleasure. It strikes us that athletic games, of which wrestling may be considered the chief, would form a fitting addition to the Wimbledon annual meeting, where our northern men might well show their prowess. The Volunteer movement, indeed, is a nucleus around which all the athletic sports may well be grouped. We can imagine no method better calculated to make the pastime of wrestling an institution of the country than for the different Volunteer regiments to take it up. If every corps had its local wrestling matches, its *esprit de corps* would be interested in the person of its best wrestler; these, again, would finally struggle for the championship at the great annual gathering, and the prize, we venture to predict, would be contended for as eagerly as is the challenge vase for the best rifle-shot of the Empire. Whatever we may think of the value of that great meeting as a means of keeping up the good shooting qualities of the volunteers, it must be confessed that it is nothing to look at; the monotonous firing of shot after shot becoming at last very tiresome, and only those who are individually interested have any patience to wait the length of time necessary to know the final result. It is very different, however, with the wrestling match, in which the victory is not long in declaring itself. The manhood of England will contend there for victory, and its womanhood and maidenhood will not be ashamed to look on.

THE CAMPDEN HOUSE FIRE.

In a letter to the *Times* one of the jurymen empannelled in this case states that the delay of ten minutes between the close of the judge's summing up and the delivery of the verdict was occupied by the jury in considering what, if anything, should be said of the conduct of the Sun Insurance Office in defending the action. There was no doubt about the verdict: "that was settled instantaneously." But there was a strong feeling on the part of several of the jury upon the other point. Was it wise or just in the Sun Office to charge the plaintiff and his servant with fraud, arson, and attempted murder on the evidence their case disclosed? They knew well what they were doing. They had had more than a year to consider their position, the gravity of the triple accusation they were bringing against a man whose antecedents they had thoroughly sifted without discovering anything but poverty to reproach him with, and the grounds on which they based it. They were not blinded by that passion which sometimes induces a stubborn defendant to go before a jury when he hasn't a leg to stand upon; for the loss which had come upon them was exactly the result of that risk which it is their business to run, which they are anxious to incur, and against which they adequately protect themselves. There could, therefore, be only one legitimate excuse for resisting Mr. Wolley's claim—such strong ground of suspicion, to wit, as would render it a breach of trust on their part towards their shareholders and the public not to dispute it. Without such ground, nothing could be more unjust, nothing more impolitic than to defend the action. It would be setting an example to less honourable offices—which we fear many of them are too apt to follow—of intimidating holders of policies and inducing them to waive their claim or accept less than their due, under the threat of being charged with one of the greatest crimes known to the law: with the possibility, too, that, in the chances of legal warfare, they might, however innocent, be made to appear guilty. This is a peril which few men have the nerve to encounter. As a rule, the cause of a fire is a matter of conjecture; and in this uncertainty it is a natural and almost immediate suggestion, when the owner is insured, that he may have burnt his house himself. It will be strange if, when the inmates, servants, police, and casual passers-by, have been questioned, some facts will not come out with which legal ingenuity will be able to construct a theory of foul play. And if insurance offices were to adopt a practice of resisting claims upon such constructive cases, the whole system of insurance would become one vast imposition, and would speedily die of its own iniquity. We have no fear that this will be the case. Our principal offices are too honourable and too wise to incur such a risk and be guilty of such an injustice. But while conceding to the Sun Office all credit for the sincerity of spirit in which they have defended Mr. Wolley's action, we must add that the step was in the last degree indiscreet.

If Mr. Wolley burnt Campden House, the act must have been preceded by a fit of insanity. He had spent not much less than fifty thousand pounds in its decoration, on its furniture, carvings, pictures, and articles of vertu; and, as it was proved that many of these were purchased at a price much below their value, there is little doubt that if he had dispersed his collection by auction, he would have realised much more by them than by burning them. The house and its contents had become famous under his tenancy. It had been the scene of splendid festivities, and was one of the sights of London to which lion-hunters were eager to be admitted. Again, if it is true that he was no longer able to keep it up, it would have been more to his interest to have let it to some one else; and there is no doubt that he could have done so at a rent which would have yielded him an income. Neither Mr. Borrodaile, who had a mortgage on the house for £3,000, nor Miss Coape, Mr. Wolley's sister-in-law, who had a mortgage on its contents for £13,000, appear to have made any attempt to call in their money. It is proved, moreover, that for a year and a half he did let the house to Colonel Waugh for £1,000 a year; and probably the same rent might have been obtained from another tenant. But, in addition to this, we have the fact that, supposing him to have burnt the house, he would not have derived a single shilling from the insurances; for he would have been bound to expend all he received from that source in rebuilding Campden House and in paying off the mortgages to Mr. Borrodaile and Miss Coape. Thus, the theory for the defence, that he wished to retreat from a position in the fashionable world which he could no longer maintain, becomes absolutely ridiculous. If that had been his desire, he could have effected his retreat much better by dispersing his collection, with the strong probability that he would thereby realise more than the amount of the insurances. But that he should elect to take his leave of the fashionable world by an act which

would leave him penniless, and probably secure him a retreat in penal servitude for life, is certainly the most incomprehensible theory that was ever presented to a British jury.

But when we come to examine the facts on which this theory is based, there is really nothing in them to support the accusation of arson, even if Mr. Wolley would have been pecuniarily a gainer by the fire. It is true that the insurances on the house and its contents were considerably increased some time before the fire; but this, it is proved, was done at the desire of Miss Coape, who wished to have a better security for the money she had advanced, which, even by the latest insurance, was not covered by some £4,000. It is, moreover, admitted that the insurances were not excessive, and the companies had, of course, the opportunity of ascertaining this fact, and did ascertain it. An attempt was made to show that, shortly before the fire, large quantities of furniture had been removed from Campden House to furnish Mr. Wolley's house at Brighton, but it was proved that the Brighton house was furnished from another which he possessed at Tunbridge. Again, it was contended that, in order to facilitate the burning of Campden House, Mr. Wolley had, just before the fire, laid in a large stock of candles. Miss Coape proves that this was done at her desire, and that the candles in fact were sent to Brighton and did not play their alleged part in the burning of Campden House. It was then proved that three weeks before the fire Mr. Wolley came up from Brighton with his servant, Crozier, and occupied himself in varnishing the wainscoting of the house; that the walls and pictures were hung with calico and paper; that the three gallery windows were covered with tapestry; and that books were laid about with their leaves open. All these acts, it was argued, were done to facilitate the burning of the house. But Mr. Wolley's explanation of every one of these facts is not only consistent with his innocence, but consistent also with the whole of his conduct since he became tenant of Campden House. The study of his life was to beautify it, and no one can doubt that wainscoted walls look better for being varnished. He had treated other portions of the house in this way before; had worked at the varnishing and been assisted by Miss Coape, who shared his love for his hobby. When he and Crozier came up from Brighton, they found that some walls which had been varnished were covered with dust, and to protect them upon being re-varnished, they covered them with calico and paper. The books were laid open to dry, as the house was damp, and the books in danger of becoming mildewed; while the tapestry was hung before the windows, not, as the defence alleged, to conceal the fire from the public eye till it had gained the mastery over the house, but for the purpose of being mended; that position being the best to show where they required mending. The carvings on the hall windows, which had recently been cleaned, were covered with coarse dowlais, looped up so as to give light; and other carvings and pictures were covered with coarse linen and paper to protect them from dust. Is there anything very suspicious in all this? Surely not. Yet it constitutes the bulk of the case against Mr. Wolley. There are, indeed, other facts as to his conduct on the discovery of the fire, which—except so far as they are supposed to go in support of the monstrous charge that for no earthly purpose he omitted to arouse Mr. and Mrs. Temple and their child, who were asleep in the house, but left them to be burnt to death—are only material as tending to throw doubt on his veracity. But with regard to every one of these, the evidence is so contradictory that it would be idle to give it a moment's credence.

On this excessively frivolous defence Mr. Wolley and his servant were vehemently charged with fraud, arson, and the attempted murder of the three Temples! We cannot suppose that the company wished to intimidate Mr. Wolley. If they did, they mistook their man. The very day after the charge of arson was suggested he brought his action. But why, let us ask, did the company refuse to take his explanations when he tendered them? Their solicitors examined the inmates of the house at his own attorney's office; but when he offered to answer any questions they might ask, they put a few and then refused to go on, one of the solicitors saying that his time was too valuable to go into the matter, but that if Mr. Wolley had anything to say he might write it. Time too valuable! Subsequently Mr. Wolley tendered himself for examination at the office, and then he heard that the charge of arson had been suggested. To a man conscious of innocence there was no other course left but to accept the challenge thus thrown down. We confess that anything more imprudent than the conduct of the office we have never heard of. It is supremely amusing to see what scraps of evidence they laid hold of in their search for a case. Mr. Wolley was found outside the house with nothing on but his shirt. He said he had been to bed, yet the shirt was a "day-

shirt." Conclusive evidence of arson! But it appears that he never slept in a night-shirt, but always in a day-shirt. Now, really, if such shreds of evidence are to be hunted up and massed together, it will become in the last degree dangerous for a man to insure his house at all. Better run the chance of being burnt out, nay, of being burnt up, than risk the worse peril of being charged with a criminal offence, not long since capitally punishable, on grounds studiously and laboriously brought together out of the tittle-tattle of servants and the confused recollections of the police.

THE CUSTOMS OF DAHOMEY.

THE King of Dahomey has found a friend and his Grand Customs a defender. What we had considered diabolical butchery is nothing of the kind. "An African," who has found his way into the columns of the *Times*, tells us it is mere ignorance on our part to denounce the King as a benighted savage, and as the ruthless monster M. Jules Gerard has described him. It is not so. The King is a good African king, obedient to the laws and devout in the performance of the religious rites of the Established Church of Dahomey. As to the human sacrifices, it is true they are not an English institution, nor quite the thing which the most liberal Christian can admire, but "they are regarded by the Africans as a part of their religion; they are not committed out of sheer addiction to the shedding of man's blood for pleasure's sake, but they are committed in obedience to a sense of religious duty. They come [pray observe these are 'An African's' words, not ours] under the same sort of inspiration as that which leads us to bend the knee in prayer." We are coming to something at last. It is an age of progress and enlightenment.

Let us follow "An African" through his extraordinary letter. He appears to know something of the religion of Dahomey, and evidently has a kindly feeling towards the grim monarch of that realm. Shall we wrong him if we say that he even looks with some sort of philosophical tenderness on the religion of Africa? We think not. At all events, it is plain that he desires to put the best construction he is able on the Grand Customs; and of the King himself he speaks almost in raptures. His Majesty "is a man of superior intellect, and is endowed with an extraordinary capacity for government." While his people force their adulation upon him, he "maintains a degree of modesty in his deportment and of equanimity in his language which is indeed astonishing." In the regulation of his police, finances, and laws, his arrangements "would excite the admiration of every unprejudiced person, and are worthy of a people much farther advanced in the scale of civilization than the Africans are." Though a despot, he is served more from love than fear; and "no tongue has ever thrown aspersion on appeals made to his interpretation of justice." Hospitable to strangers, generous to his subjects, frugal and temperate in his habits, and not often giving way to sudden ebullitions of temper, he has only one little fault, one tiny weakness—his *penchant* for the slave trade and the human sacrifices. In all other respects he is a model king and a pattern to civilization. But even these dreadful customs, which have horrified us so much, must not be mistaken. They are not mere barbarities, says "An African;" they are acts of devotion, and "come under the same sort of inspiration as that which leads us to bend the knee in prayer." To say, therefore, that they display a love for blood, "is to say that which is nonsense, or to say that which betrays the utmost ignorance of the customs and laws and faith of the Ashantees and Dahomians."

So argues "An African." Indeed, this gentleman enters so heartily into the defence of the Africans and their hideous rites, that we are almost inclined to suspect that a long residence at the court of the "hospitable" king has acclimatized him to the moral atmosphere of Abomey and brought him to regard the rites of Africa from a Dahomian and Ashantee point of view, to the oblivion of his Christian antecedents. Take, for instance, the sacrifice of the "ocrah." By the side of every African king, he informs us, sits a counsellor who is called the "ocrah." This word signifies the "soul;" and the counsellor is therefore the soul of the king—his confidential adviser, friend, and companion, who receives all his thoughts and wishes. He is, in fact, a prime minister and Archbishop of Canterbury rolled into one. But as, when a man dies, his soul disappears together with his body, so when the king dies the "ocrah" must follow his master to the other world to continue to him there that loyal service which he has rendered him on earth. He is, therefore, slain on the king's tomb. But let it not be supposed that there is any hardship to him in this. "The 'ocrah,'" says "An African," "would not survive the king if he could. He

relies on an existence hereafter; and in accordance with his creed, he is simply passing from one state of being to another, in the immediate company of him to whom he believes that great deference and distinction are due, and will be rendered beyond the stars." Beautiful devotion! And then how glowingly "An African" describes the honours which attend the "ocrah" while he is counselling his sovereign in the flesh. He is "highly distinguished." On grand occasions he remains seated close to the throne. He speaks in public for the king, who is always guided by his opinion; and, "as a badge of his lofty post and functions, a broad, round plate of chased gold is suspended by a chain of the same precious metal from his neck, and rests upon his uncovered bosom." Only think of it—"a broad, round plate of chased gold," probably twice as large as a cabman's badge, suspended by a chain which would put the Lord Mayor's to the blush. Then, "from a crowd of retainers you can easily select the 'ocrah,' not only because his place is near the elbow of his prince, but because this symbol of superlative dignity and trust shines brightly through the whole sable file of courtiers." Observe how enthusiastically "An African" writes of this dignitary. No wonder that Mr. Charles Hillard is roused to indignation by his letter.

But "An African" is not content with apologizing for the immolation of the "ocrah." He sees in all the other sacrifices the sanction of a religion of which he says that, "if we could master the language of the Africans, we should pause before we branded their style of adoration as the style of paganism." But why? He says that the religion of the Western Africans is monotheistic; but they believe that God is too mighty and too far removed from the earth to take an interest in the affairs of men, who are therefore placed under the protection of the "Fetishes," who are the souls of every visible thing. "Around the desire to satisfy or conciliate the Fetishes revolve the terrible 'customs' of Africa. It is the voice of the Fetish which calls on the African king to immolate his 'units to thousands.'" Be it so: what then? Are the sacrifices less bloody, less horrible, because they are the result of a religious system? Even if it were true that they "are not committed out of sheer addiction to the shedding of man's blood for pleasure's sake," but "in obedience to a sense of religious duty," they would be none the less pagan. But Mr. Hillard, who was at Kumasi, the capital of Ashantee, during the years 1848 and 1849, distinctly contradicts "An African" on this point. He says he has had ocular evidence of the hilarity and frantic joy with which these scenes are viewed. "In short," he writes, "so inhuman a pleasure did the Ashantees exhibit in human torture and mutilations in the presence of Sir William [Winniett], that he turned to ourselves and exclaimed, 'Surely they must be devils.' Our pen refuses to state the particulars of this horrid exhibition." There seems, also, to be some want of candour in "An African's" first letter, in which, while adverting to the sacrifice of the "ocrah," he describes his immolation as voluntary, which Mr. Hillard declares it is not; and omits to add the fact, which he does not contradict when Mr. Hillard states it, that the "ocrah" "has numerous companions in suffering, ranging from units to thousands, according to the rank or wealth of the deceased king or chief." But whether we regard these sacrifices as religious rites or as the horrid festivities of a brutalized people matters comparatively little. In either case they are inexpressibly shocking, and it is startling to find an English writer making even the show of an apology for cruelties so inhuman.

In one respect, however, the letters of "An African" deserve consideration. We would gladly believe his statement that Quacoe Duah, King of Ashantee, has often had the Bible read to him, and has said that he would like to be a son of the Christian Church. Mr. Hillard, who was at Kumasi apparently at the same time with "An African," doubts this—but without denying it, so that it may still be true. Again, we are told that the King of Dahomey displays much attachment to the English, though his interest makes him cling to the slave trade and the sacrifices. "If," the "African" writes, "the English Government would, then, wisely take advantage of the King's compulsory predisposition in its favour, and would judiciously address its policy to the satisfaction of those sentiments of self-interest by raising for the King a larger revenue than that now proceeding from the slave trade, and by sapping the superstitions which surround the rites of human sacrifice, the slave trade and human sacrifices must vanish." The writer may be over sanguine, and the superstition of the King and his subjects may prove too inveterate to be bought off. But the cause is worthy of a great effort; and a nation which freed its slaves by a ransom of twenty millions sterling would scarcely hesitate, were a feasible plan proposed, to make a sacrifice in order to put an end to crimes more horrible even than slavery.

CHURCH REFORM.—No. I.

REVISION OF THE LITURGY.

THERE is no volume, except the Bible, around which have gathered with age more fond associations and solemn feelings than the Prayer-book of the Church of England. Under its shadow have grown up some of the most cherished customs of our social life; our literature is imbued with its spirit, and in its words have the prayers of a nation for 300 years ascended to Heaven. No wonder that so sacred a book should be guarded with jealous care, and that the slightest attempt to interfere with its forms, to alter a word, or to introduce even admitted improvements, is watched with anxious suspicion. For none but weighty reasons, therefore, can the hand of reform be allowed to approach its pages. But, however excellent it be, we know that it is the composition of fallible though godly Christian men, and that to assert that it is incapable of improvement would be to detract from its real merits. Imperfections and anomalies there are which press hard on the consciences of Christians both within and without the Church; and how to remove these blots without destroying the structure of our Liturgy is a question which has given most anxious thought to the best friends of religion. The feeling is growing daily that the time has come when an attempt may be made to remove these imperfections. The subject has been discussed even in Parliament, and the friends of Liturgical Reform have certainly no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress which their cause is making. In a matter which involves, as they well know, the most momentous results, as it respects both the Church of England in particular and the interests of Christianity at large, they would deprecate above all things precipitate action; and are perfectly satisfied for the present to see the subject making its way gradually in the minds of intelligent Christians, more especially in those quarters where the higher influences of political power, combined with sound theological attainments, are likely to lead to a practical solution of its difficulties. This state of progressive advance it is now their privilege to witness; and the reception which the subject has recently met with within the walls of Parliament has been such, as to inspire even the most desponding friends of the cause with confidence and hope. During the past session, as our readers are aware, the two kindred topics of Liturgical Amendment and the relaxation of the present system of Clerical Subscription formed the subject of three separate debates, all of them marked by features of peculiar interest, and affording in their mutual connection the strongest possible proof of the interest which the subject has now begun to excite in the public mind. We may mention particularly, as perhaps the most remarkable feature of these debates, the apparently heartfelt interest manifested, not only by the Bishops but also by many of our leading statesmen, in a question the very mention of which in either House of Parliament would, but a very few years ago, have been met with indifference if not with scorn. Upon this occasion, in the Commons, instead of the House being counted out as the easiest way of getting rid of a troublesome and unwelcome topic, Mr. Buxton's speech was actually succeeded by one of the longest—if not the very longest—debate of the session; and, in the Lords, the determination shown by so many speakers not to allow Lord Dysart's attempt to stifle discussion to succeed is a manifest proof that the interest excited is not merely on the surface, but lies deeper, and may be expected sooner or later to issue in the most important results.

So far then, we contend, the prospect is most cheering, and fully justifies the confident anticipations which, notwithstanding many seeming discouragements, the more earnest friends of the cause have all along entertained of its ultimate success. But the subject, we regret to add—more especially as illustrated by these Parliamentary discussions—has its darker as well as its more encouraging side. Great as was the interest, and admirable as was the temper displayed in all the three several debates above mentioned, it is impossible not to be struck with the almost entire absence of that enlargement and comprehensiveness of view, more especially as regards the mutual interdependence of the two great questions under discussion, which is indispensable in the present day to a thorough and impartial treatment of a subject so extensive; as well as with the utter incapacity displayed by many speakers, of whom better things might have been expected, to deal practically and effectively with a question, upon the right settlement of which, more perhaps than upon anything else, the highest destinies of the empire may be said to depend. In the Lords, for example—to specify but one instance out of many—the very promise so hastily made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in

reference to the difficulties of the Burial Service—a Service which, as the veriest tyro in ritual matters ought to know, cannot be dealt with satisfactorily apart from the rest of the Prayer-book—is of itself a signal proof, how little even he is aware of the real difficulties of the subject; and we confess that we have felt neither surprise nor regret upon learning that the first episcopal meeting held in consequence of this promise, and for the purpose of deliberating collectively upon the subject, has proved an utter failure. Indeed, the Bishop of Cashel was the only bishop, if not the only peer, who in the late debate seemed to entertain any distinct conception of the true scope and import of the two great questions severally under discussion, or of the relationship they bear to each other. In the Commons, moreover, except that a general feeling seemed to pervade the House that in the matter of Subscription some concession must sooner or later be made, the pervading tone of the debate was even more vague and indeterminate than in the Lords. In short, we may well be permitted to ask—and this is, in reality, the one all-important question—if such be the ignorance prevailing in high places upon a subject which concerns so closely the dearest interests of the Church, what must be the state of things in other and less favoured quarters, and generally throughout the land? The truth we believe to be, that almost the entire mind of the country—so to speak—has yet to be educated in reference to this momentous branch of ecclesiastical legislation; and most fortunate indeed it is, that as yet no practical settlement has been attempted, either in Parliament or elsewhere, of the two questions which have just formed the subject of legislative inquiry. For the present, the grand *desideratum*, not merely as it regards the Burial Service, but the Revision question generally, would seem to be, not the mere appointment of any public official body, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise, for the purpose of immediate legislation, but the formation with all convenient speed of such a healthful and well-matured public opinion, as may serve to guide the deliberations of a duly-appointed Commission when the time for authoritative action has actually come. For ourselves, it shall be our endeavour, in the future pages of this journal, to contribute somewhat, according to our measure, towards the attainment of this most desirable end; and our first attempt shall be to indicate, with all possible brevity, the relationship which the two subjects of Subscription and Liturgical Revision mutually bear towards each other, and the dangers which must beset any course of legislative action in which this relationship is not duly considered.

The Church of England, and indeed the country at large, are greatly indebted to Lord Ebury for his earnest and persevering endeavours to attract the attention of the Legislature to this most important subject; and no one can for a moment deny that, in his choice of means for the attainment of this end, he has been actuated throughout by the purest and most disinterested motives. Nevertheless, upon a careful survey of the whole question, and speaking, as we feel bound to do, with a view to the adoption hereafter of the wisest possible course of practical legislation, we cannot refrain from expressing our doubts whether in the line of action he has hitherto chosen, in giving too great prominence and precedence to the one question of Subscription, he has adopted a mode of procedure that will ultimately best promote the main object which, in common with Revisionists generally, he professes to have in view. He has, we fear—to use the language of the Bishop of Cashel already referred to in a previous article of this journal—"begun at the wrong end." He has to too great an extent separated the question of Subscription from its natural adjunct—namely, that of Revision, and given to it a precedence in the order of time to which it is not, as we think, entitled. It is true, that Englishmen do not care much for theoretical precision or the niceties of symmetrical adjustment in the management of public affairs; but they do care for practical consistency; and to attempt to settle the exact measure of assent which the clergy are to be required to give to the Formularies of the Church before it has been determined into what shape those Formularies are ultimately to be cast, is a process so manifestly at variance with the common practice of mankind as exemplified in the ordinary affairs of life, that we cannot conceive how it can be finally adopted. No Commission, it is plain, or other public body to whose care the whole affair might hereafter be entrusted, can be in a proper condition to go to work effectively upon the former point, until the latter shall have been definitely arranged. In justice however to Lord Ebury, let it by all means be borne in mind, that in adopting consecutively his present mode of procedure he has simply acted upon the impression, so widely prevalent amongst Revisionists, that in no other way would it be possible to gain a hearing for his cause, and that any attempt to

moot the Revision question generally, either by itself or in immediate connection with the subject of Subscription, must under present circumstances prove an utter failure. In this anticipation it is but justice to ourselves to state, that we have never deliberately shared; nor do we think that, on the whole, it has been in the smallest degree justified by the subsequent course of events. On the contrary, the interest manifested by the House of Lords—by lay peers as well as spiritual—in the recent debate on the Burial Service question, would seem to afford ample proof that, on the ground of expediency no less than of right, an honest and fearless discussion of the imperfections of the Prayer-book, in the first instance, would have been at once the best and most judicious course. And why should it not be so? Why, we would ask, should Revisionists be at all reluctant to take this bold and decisive course? Surely they have no reason to feel ashamed of the good cause they have in hand, or to shrink even from the most unqualified exposure of their ultimate objects and designs! They have no sinister aims. They are not seeking, as some will have it, to revolutionize the Church; or, as others again most unjustifiably affirm, to play into the hands of any sect or party within her borders. They do not ask for sweeping alterations, but simply for the correction of those anomalies which the majority of Churchmen have long admitted to be unquestionable blots upon the fair surface of the Prayer-book. In short, it is as friends of the existing Church Establishment of these realms, and in a spirit of earnest devotion to its best interests, that they have undertaken their present work; and the more fully their aims and intentions are unveiled and exposed to the clear light of day, the more likely, we feel assured, they will be to approve themselves to the judgment of all intelligent and enlightened men. Most thankful, indeed, do we feel for what has been already done; but we do trust, nevertheless, that when next the subject is brought under the notice of Parliament, a bolder and more unhesitating course of policy may be the order of the day.

We have not space at present to enter upon any consideration of the evils, which the total abolition of the existing system of Clerical Attestation might hereafter entail upon the Church. We simply desire, in concluding this article, to illustrate what has been already said by a brief reference to a fact in history. The great object which Liturgical Reformers have at present in view is, not only to give relief to the burdened consciences of the clergy, but also to extend more widely the limits of Christian communion generally within the Church, by the correction of those admitted anomalies in her Formularies which are at present the cause of offence and disunion. Now what is the lesson which, in reference to this end, an impartial study of the most recent facts connected with the history of the Prayer-book is calculated to teach us? Let us look for a moment at the course of events by which, as the annals of the Church herself inform us, the present too exclusive state of things was brought about: The Act of Uniformity of 1662, the policy of which it is now the object of all parties to reverse, was the work of men determined, as Dr. Stanley has rightly informed us, "to drive from their places in the Church as many of the Puritan clergy as could be conveniently displaced." Well, and how was it that this bad end was sought to be achieved? Not, as the remarks of the learned Professor might lead us to infer, by simply increasing the force of Subscription, but by altering in the first instance the language of the Liturgy itself; and then, when that part of their work had been fully achieved, by superadding the new formula of "Assent and Consent." Such, we say, was the form of procedure adopted in that year. The dominant Church faction of that day were wise enough to know, that the mere exaction of a more rigorous form of subscription would not, of itself alone, be sufficient for their purpose. It would not make the door of entrance "so strait," as to exclude effectually their "Low Church" opponents. Consequently, they determined to do their work more effectually still, by first of all altering the Prayer-book itself in such a way as they knew would be most offensive to the Puritans, and then demanding, as the last finishing stroke of an intolerant and exclusive policy, their "unfeigned assent and consent" to the contents of the entire Book. The wisdom of this course of proceeding has, as we too well know, been fully justified by the event; and if, in seeking to remedy the mischief occasioned by it, we desire to do our work as effectually as they did theirs, we shall do well also to imitate their most politic course of action. We shall, by timely and well-considered alterations in the first instance, endeavour to make the Prayer-book, what it ought to be, the honest and truthful exponent of the genuine Christianity of the country; and then we may hope to be in a condition to settle satisfactorily the question of Sub-

scription, and to determine how far the present form of attestation may be wisely retained, or, if not by what process of verbal alteration it may be most judiciously and effectively amended.

All letters on the subject of Church Reform, which are intended for publication, must be signed either with the names or initials of their writers, or else with some distinguishing *nom de plume*, and in all cases the name and address of the writer must be forwarded, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. From amongst a number of private communications already received, we may take the following extracts:—

"I SEE that Church Reform is a subject wherewith you mean to deal. It is a subject as important as it is interesting; and yet, if the laws of the Church were properly administered, if her polity were adhered to, and her power of doing good unshackled, there would be little need of Church Reform. It is, however, foolish to make assertion without proof. Any article on Church Reform to carry weight must contain facts illustrating the ills for which reform is sought. I have been many years in orders, and have had painful experience of cruel abuses which the ecclesiastical courts and those who preside sanction, if they do not create. Then, what do the majority of bishops to render the Church a missionary Church? What would be the consequence if the palaces of the greater part of them were uninhabited to-morrow? These are questions which ought to be asked and answered."

"I HOPE you propose advocating the repeal of that dead failure, the 'Act of Uniformity,' which has become a mere protection of drones, and do-nothings, and think-nothings. The bishops administering their dioceses as constitutional rulers, with the cathedral chapter and the archdeacons and rural deans as an Upper House, and a synod of elected clergy and laity as a Lower House, and acting together under the archbishops, with the advice of the priests of the provincial convocations, will have ample means of upholding orthodoxy, and will be more likely to uphold discipline than they are at present."

"ALLOW me to say that there is one error we are likely to fall into when advocating, in some instances perhaps, justifiable reform in the Church, and that is, giving the bishops more power than they possess, but which they are, since Liberal ideas in connection with a certain political party have prevailed, gradually acquiring; and which, in its practical development and details, is just the reason why curates are not called for. The beneficed clergy are generally afraid of being brought into unpleasant difficulties, owing to the quite new-fangled discipline (as it is called) of our recently-appointed bishops. Unlimited power on the part of bishops over their clergy is Popery; and to abolish that rather than to introduce a new doctrine was the object of the Reformation."

A CHURCH REFORM CONGRESS.—A congress of clergy and laity, under the auspices of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Derby, Lord Ebury, Lord Lyttelton, Lord J. Manners, M.P., the Hon. Algernon Egerton, M.P., Mr. Bazley, M.P., Mr. Buxton, M.P., Mr. Hibbert, M.P., Mr. Garnett, M.P., Mr. Hubbard, M.P., Mr. W. J. Legh, M.P., Mr. Mowbray, M.P., Mr. Giles Puller, M.P., the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Oxford, and other noblemen and gentlemen, is to be held at Manchester next month, with a view to consultation as to the best means of promoting the efficiency of the Church. The congress is to be preceded by a service in the Cathedral, on Tuesday, the 13th of October, and the meetings will be held in the Free Trade Hall on the following days, at which papers will be read introductory to discussions on the following subjects: Church Extension; Supply and Training of Ministers; Lay Co-operation; the Church in Ireland; Management of a Large Parish; Parochial Mission Women; Growth of the Church in Lancashire; the Law of the Colonial Church and the Supply of Native Ministers; Day and Sunday Schools. Papers will also be read and discussed, in sections, on—Free and open Churches; Clergy Discipline; Modes of Augmenting Small Livings and Tithe Redemption; Rural Decanal Meetings, Diocesan Synods and Convocation.—*Times*.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

GUY LIVINGSTONE'S BOOTS.*

WE take the liberty of inventing another title for the last new book—"Boots on the Border. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone.' A Narrative of Personal Adventure in the Neighbourhood of the American War." Its contents will not disappoint the admiring reader of those dashing novels, in which we always find a tremendously-athletic hero of our own days, the terror of men, the idol of women—that is, among the weaker sort of either sex—involved in some rash enterprise of questionable propriety, and with no result but a display of his manly prowess. We are by this time familiar with the "Cool Captain," who inevitably comes, and sees, and at first sight conquers, but who, after all, goes away *re infectâ*, foiled in his object by the malignity of adverse fate. We know that he is the most accomplished of waltzers and pugilists, the keenest patron of the Turf and the Ring, the fast modern votary of Castor and Pollux, the boldest horseman at Melton—the unerring shot, whether at the prescribed twelve paces of pistol-murder, or at the

* Border and Bastille. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." Tinsley Brothers.

side of an October cover—the *beau sabreur* of a crack hussar regiment, the ferocious slayer of Sikhs and Cossacks, the lady-killer, equally merciless, who could as easily break the heart of Isabel or Cecilia as he would bring down any feathered game within range of his gun. We have, indeed, observed that this universal professor of destructive sport does not invariably command success. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—Guy Livingstone, as we are frequently assured, has all the qualities of a Grecian demigod; yet even he may be defeated, “let Hercules himself do what he may.” The author, likewise, of “Guy Livingstone” was no less completely furnished for the part that he would have achieved in the American war. He went out there last Christmas, by the Cunard steamer, prepared to join the army of the Confederates, and to render what would no doubt have been most valuable services upon its staff. Unfortunately, as he tells us in this volume, he was stopped by a Federal patrol on the borders of Virginia; and as *non curvis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, so he never got to the South. After a short imprisonment at Washington, he has returned home, obliged by the terms of his release to keep away from the scene of action until the war shall be over.

We must condole with him, under these circumstances, which, by no default of courage or enterprise on his part, have cut him off from so conspicuous an opportunity of proving his martial valour. But unless we misunderstand the fact upon which his explanation seems to turn, the failure of his undertaking was due to a very simple cause. If, like so many other heroes, he went upon a bootless errand, there is nobody to blame for it but his boots. Who would have thought it of a pair of “thoroughly well-fitting and comfortable nether integuments,” made by Fagg of Pantons-street, which were the admiration of all his duck-shooting acquaintance at Baltimore? Yet those boots, “coming high upon the thigh, perfectly waterproof, but very light, and pliant as a glove,” were the ruin of Guy Livingstone’s expedition. If it had not been for those boots, to which he clung more fondly than either Dugald Dalgetty or Bombastes Furioso did to theirs, he might have slipped across the Lower Potomac, from Maryland to Virginia, by a passage which was, at that time, “carried on with tolerable regularity—the captures, though not unfrequent, being so far exceptions to a rule.”

The author, it seems, had lingered for many pleasant days in Baltimore, which he calls his Capua; and where, by favour of introductions to the rich and hospitable people of that fair city, he had enjoyed himself amazingly, with their delicate feasts of terrapin and canvas-backed ducks, with their Madeira seventy years old, with their beautiful partners who “cannot dance loose,” who have complexions of a pink-coral flush; long, liquid iridescent eyes; and features chiselled on a model between that of Giulia Grisi and the First Napoleon,—which must be very lovely of course. Besides these recreations, and the jovial parties of the Maryland Club, there was the wild-fowl shooting at Carroll’s Island in Chesapeake Bay, and the driving of a pair of those marvellous trotters which can draw a light waggon, over no good roads, at the pace of a mile in two minutes and a half. It is really very creditable to Guy Livingstone, that with such tempting inducements to prolong his stay at Baltimore, he ever made up his mind to go farther south. What a pity that he could not make up his mind to leave his boots behind him, when the time for his starting from this Capua had arrived! There seems to be no doubt that, if, leaving those *impedimenta*, he had been content to travel southward, as an ordinary passenger, by the stage-coach to Leonardstown, carrying nothing but simple necessities in his trunk or carpet-bag, he might, at some time in the months of February, March, or April, have passed with little risk of interruption to the Virginia shore. But, to use an American phrase, he had “set his foot down” upon his boots. “They were such as many of our field-officers in Canada are in the habit of wearing,” and fit, therefore, to be worn by an English volunteer with the Confederate staff in Virginia. Their value, on a long march, would be “far above rubies,” impervious as they were to mud and water, rain and snow. Mr. Livingstone—we beg his pardon, for the Americans called him Major—had been seriously admonished, by his Baltimore friends of the Secesh persuasion, to divest himself of this most martial part of his attire. But he was absolutely determined that the boots—and therewith a horse and saddle-bags—should share his fortunes. As a natural consequence, the whole undertaking came to grief. No quadruped might be ferried across the Lower Potomac, which is several miles wide; and as the boots were not Jack the Giant-killer’s Seven-league Boots, they could not get across by themselves. It was necessary, for this cause, that the traveller should alter his course by no less than a whole quadrant of the compass, and that, instead of proceeding due south from Baltimore, he should take a direction due west, so as to strike upon the fords of the Upper Potomac, and enter Virginia somewhere near Leesburg,—about a hundred miles from the place where he would have been safely landed, if it had not been for his unlucky boots. Now, let us mark how one thing leads to another, and what great events from little causes spring! Having set his foot down upon the boots, Guy Livingstone was obliged to buy a horse. To be sure, it would have been difficult to find as good a one for sale in Virginia, and a staff-officer must not only be well booted, like the Achæans, but well mounted also. We have no doubt that in the purchase of his dark-brown gelding Falcon, a paragon of equine virtues, Guy Livingstone, upon whose judgment in horseflesh we entirely rely, made a very prudent bargain. And if the horse,

and the boots, and the saddle-bags to boot, had been sent into Virginia, by some trusty messenger, to meet their owner after his safe arrival on the Secession shore, he might have risked losing the luggage and the “remount.” But he would have escaped an inglorious arrest at Greenland Gap on the 5th of April, and an irksome detention for eight weeks in the State prison at Washington. He might, indeed, have been at Richmond, though without his horse and his boots, a month or two before.

This appears plain, from his own showing, in the book now before us. He landed at New York on the 4th of January, and he tells us how, in the month of February, his choice of the route across the Upper Potomac, instead of that by Leonardstown, was determined by his resolution to ride into Virginia mounted, booted, and spurred, as a true descendant of the English cavaliers. It was not, indeed, till February 21st, that he made his first attempt, escorted by a local guide, who was in mortal fear of the Federal troopers about Poolesville; and accompanied, for part of the way, by two Marylanders going to serve in the Confederate army, as well as by an Alabama man, who was an escaped prisoner of war. These Marylanders, however, soon parted company with our author, because, as they told him, they meant to pass for a couple of native cattle-dealers, whilst he and his horse “looked kind’er uncommon down there;” and he could never be mistaken for a citizen, “not even if he was to shave and wear a wig.” This assurance was to his mind rather complimentary; Guy Livingstone accepted their excuse. But he could not find a passable ford in that neighbourhood, and after a toilsome ride of many hours, by night and by day, in very disagreeable weather, through the snow-deep, broken roads of a half-cleared forest, he had to return to Baltimore. His second attempt, on the 10th of March, was made under the auspices of one Shipley, an experienced border guide, who had managed some days before to conduct the Marquis of Hartington and Colonel Leslie across the guarded frontier. From Baltimore to Frederick City by the railroad, and thence, by a friend’s private carriage, to Sharpsburg, in hopes of getting across the horse-ferry at Shepherdstown, near Antietam, he went, but again came back to Baltimore. The Shepherdstown ferry-boat, he found, had been carried away by the floods. He was, therefore, obliged to leave his gallant steed in charge of the trusty Shipley and return once more, for the third time, to his friends at Baltimore. It might still, for aught that we can see, after three unsuccessful efforts to cross, by ford or ferry, the upper part of the river, have been practicable to have transported himself alone into Virginia by the Leonardstown route, leaving Shipley to bring round the horse and the saddle-bags as best he could. But then, what, again, would have become of his boots? Such articles as these, of Pantons-street manufacture, were “kinder uncommon down in those parts.” Shipley could not carry the boots unless he put them on. And that, as we can imagine, would have been a desecration of the workmanship, or, as our author calls it, the “architecture” of Mr. Fagg. “Honour where honour is due.” It is not, we are requested to observe, for the sake of giving Mr. Fagg an advertisement, that this conspicuous mention is made of his handicraft. Guy Livingstone was, of course, only in joke when he told the inquisitive Yankees who asked the price of all his apparel and luggage, that if he did not know the price of anything he had bought, it was because he had never paid for anything or looked at any of his tradesmen’s bills for twenty years. Mr. Fagg of Pantons-street, the “architect” of Guy Livingstone’s boots, has, we are quite sure, been amply and regularly paid. Yet he shall not be denied a high place on the rolls of historic fame, as having contributed, by these famous boots, to one of the most remarkable episodes of the great American war!

But we must not leave the volunteer champion of Southern independence still cooling his heels in the capital of Maryland, without his boots and without his brown gelding; still chiding the delays and difficulties of Border travel, which had so often driven him back, no doubt very much against his will, to the Capuan enchantments of delicious Baltimore. Again he set forth, with singular perseverance, to try his chance at the Shepherdstown horseferry, where the damage caused by the floods had been repaired; but there were fresh obstacles to his safe passage across. On the very day before, the ferryman had been murdered by a gang of horse-thieves, who forced a passage in the night. The Federal general commanding Maryland Heights had forbidden anybody to go over without a special passport. Worse than all, Guy Livingstone’s unlucky follower, the Alabama man, had been swaggering about the neighbourhood, and boasting of their projects in the most exaggerated tone. There was nothing for it, after a conference with Shipley, whom he discovered, with much trouble, in hiding at Newmarket, but to go back to Baltimore again. This time they made an appointment to meet near Cumberland, much farther up the Potomac, and to get across the north branch of that river where it emerges from the Alleghany Mountains. So that they would first have to travel about as far, in a direction east by north, as the whole distance from Baltimore to Richmond, which lies south by east; and they would afterwards have to make their way south-west, through the hostile country of Western Virginia, for more than a hundred miles! It must be allowed that this gentleman’s concern for the completeness of his cavalry equipment had carried him a very extravagant length! He started on the fifth occasion from Baltimore, with his war-horse in a box of the railway train bound for Cumberland, and with the precious boots, as we presume, drawn well over his manly limbs. He might surely have considered that these frequent goings and comings of an English

visitor, who was the well-known guest of Southern sympathizers in Baltimore—whose first arrival had been heralded in the American newspapers with announcements that he was come to join the army of the South—must have been strictly watched by the Federal authorities at Baltimore; and that he had small chance of getting away unobserved, if he persisted in travelling by the railroad with his horse and boots! It does not appear that the short, the direct, the comparatively safe and easy way, by the southern road to Leonardstown, and across the Lower Potomac, was at any time closed against him. These boots, to which the horse was a mere appendage, led him all round by another route. The boots, in short, ran away with him; and, as a natural result, Guy Livingstone was soon laid by the heels.

His narrative becomes really interesting as we approach the catastrophe, and as we see him once more bestriding the gallant brown gelding, on a road to the place of assignation, which is situated forty miles north-west of the Cumberland railway-station. This was a curious way of going south from Baltimore! It is gratifying to learn that there was a perfect mutual intelligence between the good steed Falcon and his adventurous rider at this crisis of their fate. To the readers of "Guy Livingstone," and other novels by the same hand, this is a familiar idea. Those superb men and women, to whose acquaintance we are introduced in the fictions of his school, are sometimes likened to stallions and mares, for their characteristic noble qualities of beauty, strength, and physical courage. There is, no doubt, a certain kind or degree of equine heroism, which makes the animal and the human race akin. Sympathetic companionship may also have a great effect in developing the mind of the horse. It does not seem incredible that, when Guy Livingstone, riding hard and fast between Frostburg and Grantsville, beguiled his way by reciting some of Mrs. Browning's poetry, Falcon distinctly pricked up his ears in listening appreciation of "the sweet sonority of verse-music" in that swinging trochaic lilt, "The Rhyme of the Duchess May." We could even fancy that so wise a brute as Falcon may have shared his master's pride on the subject of the Boots. Or he may have had some prevision of the death which awaited him in passing the Border. Yet he was not like Lord Cardigan's chesnut-horse at Balaclava, who considered, more accurately than the belted Earl, that discretion is the better part of valour. Poor Falcon never flinched in that midnight encounter, when a rifle-bullet from the Federal Home-guards went right through his jugular vein. With his horse shot under him, and a slight flesh-wound in his own leg, what more could the author do? He and Shipley were unarmed; resistance was out of the question, nor would it have been justifiable, on Federal soil. He very properly surrendered at once. He had a dismal journey to his prison at Washington. He calls it "The Road to Avernus." The classical title of this chapter might afford a hint to describe the whole course of his wandering adventures in a Virgilian epic, which should commence,—

"Boots and the man I sing, who forced by Fate
To Washington with unrelenting hate,"—

"For," says the author, "I utterly abominate and execrate that city." Indeed, his vexatious and annoying captivity would, after all, have been a serious matter to any man. It is true, he fared much better than his comrades in misfortune, being supplied from outside, at his own cost, with a good dinner every day, wine, cigars, books and newspapers. Besides, he could amuse himself by talking with the other prisoners through holes in the wall, or by "chaffing" the sentinels and officers of the gaol, or by tossing up oranges and flowers to a window, from which the agreeable faces of women and children peeped out upon him as he walked in the prison-yard. But we can very well believe that, in spite of these recreations, he pined grievously in his confinement at Washington, till he was let out on the 5th of June. The want of out-door exercise had really made him ill. That mighty *biceps* muscle, which he had shown off to the astonished boors at Greenland,—tying a linen band about his arm, and bursting the ligature by simply bending his elbow, as a proof of the athletic constitution of the well-bred Britisher,—that Herculean limb, which should have made such havoc in the ranks of Yankeedom—was sadly shrunk. He also suffered, we regret to learn, from shortness of breath, dimness of sight, and a general debility, which may have been caused by a reaction from the fever of nervous excitement. It was very trying, after such a mortifying disappointment, to be shut up in a Federal prison. Our minister, Lord Lyons, and other members of the British Legation, had bestirred themselves, as in duty bound, for his sake. Not having committed any act of hostility to the Federal Government, his detention was probably illegal. Agreeing, as we do in the main, with his sentiments regarding the American civil war—though we do not find much that is original or valuable in his remarks upon the political question—we must yet entirely disapprove of the conduct of English subjects who go out as volunteers to serve either of the belligerent parties; and, *à propos des bottes*, we hope that the example of Guy Livingstone will induce them not to make a ridiculous figure in America, but rather to stay peaceably at home.

FORTUNE'S JAPAN AND CHINA.*

MR. FORTUNE, whose indefatigable industry in rifling the flowery land of its rare *flora* has made him so famous, has been one of the earliest of our naturalists to take advantage of the opening of Japan

* A Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China. By Robert Fortune. John Murray.

to the European nations. We can imagine with what gusto this hunter after the curious in matters of arboriculture and floriculture ventured to explore the hitherto-closed country, the riches of which, in all kinds of new varieties of shrubs and flowers, the Dutch had made us to a certain extent acquainted with. Mr. Fortune landed at Nagasaki, the westernmost harbour of the country, in the autumn of 1860. Almost one of the first visits he paid was to the old settlement of the Dutch in the neighbourhood of this fine harbour, and the description he gives of this cage, in which a single European nation used to trade with Japan only four years before, shows us at once what a revolution had been caused in the country by the triumphant progress of our arms in China and the treaty the fear we had inspired had subsequently brought about. Decima, where, as Mr. Fortune says, the Dutch have traded and dreamed so long, is a little island, separated from Nagasaki by a narrow canal spanned by a stone bridge. But water alone was not considered a sufficient means of isolating the outer barbarians from the Japanese; it was not enough that they should be cut off from all contact with the subjects of the Tycoon, but even a sight of them must be excluded. Consequently, the canal was further guarded by a high wall, and no one was permitted to quit the island without the permission of the governor. No Japanese women of any respectability were ever allowed to set foot in this prison, and guards were always posted at the end of the bridge which constituted the only means of exit from it to the mainland. Now all this is changed. Our consuls are located in temples in Yedo, the capital itself, and the chief port in its immediate neighbourhood, Yokuhama, is now fast becoming a populous town, crowded with Europeans. It would appear, however, that the Japanese Government are suspected of a desire to isolate this new trading post as effectually as they did Decima of old, for they have already dug a deep canal round the back of the town, which communicates with the bay at each end. Here guards are posted, and no one can either go out or come in without the knowledge of the Government. How long these guards will enact the part of spies only will depend, we suppose, upon the bearing of the "treaty Powers" to the Tycoon, neither of which, we should fancy, will be likely to put up with the old Dutch treatment. Mr. Fortune informs us that the Japanese have already profited by their intercourse with the European Powers, inasmuch as they have adopted in many cases such machines as they have found applicable to their own purposes. In this particular they are far in advance of the Chinese. It certainly strikes one with astonishment to hear that that Government has already established a factory at Nagasaki for the manufacturing of steam engines; the various tools and machines are imported from Europe, and the superintendents are Dutch; but we are told that the Japanese are most expert workmen in moulding and casting, and in the management of steam machinery. They appear to be struck more with the mechanical arrangements of Europeans than with anything else belonging to them, and they never desist until they understand the principle of construction and method of working of any engine presented to their notice. How different this to the mere power of imitating externals evinced by the Chinese, which lead them to imagine that they could make their war-junks cope with our steamers of war by simply fixing paddle-wheels to them, which they moved by hand-labour!

Mr. Fortune, as might have been expected, had a fine eye for the flower-gardens of the country, and the pictures he draws of the little back gardens of Nagasaki is charming in the extreme. Almost every house has one of these in its rear. "Whenever," says our traveller, "I observed one better than the rest, I did not fail to pay it a visit. Everywhere the inhabitants received me most politely, and permitted me to examine their pet flowers and dwarf trees. Many of these places are exceedingly small, some not much larger than a good-sized dining-room; but the surface is rendered varied and pleasing by little mounds of turf, on which are planted dwarf trees, kept clipped into fancy forms, and by miniature lakes, in which gold and silver fish disport themselves. It is quite refreshing to the eye to look from the houses upon these gardens," and Mr. Fortune adds—"these gardens may be called the gardens of the respectable working classes." What a difference they present to the squalid back courts into which those of our artisans look out, and how far behind these semi-barbarous people are our own toiling workmen in these pleasant surroundings of their habitations. The Japanese, like the Chinese, appear to have arrived at great perfection in the art of dwarfing trees, and we are told of a most marvellous box, only one inch square, and three inches high, in which were actually growing and thriving a bamboo, a fir, and a plum-tree, the latter being in full bloom. The price of this portable grove was about £100, so that even in Japan it must have been considered a very remarkable production. We fancy people have generally looked upon the willow pattern plate as merely a grotesque drawing of a Chinese garden; but from what Mr. Fortune tells us of the miniature pleasures of Japan, with their mimic rock-work, their little lakes and funny toy bridges, we have no doubt that we see every day on our plates an exact copy of the domain of a Japanese workman, the orange-tree growing near the temple included.

Captain Sherard Osborn, who acted as the correspondent of the *Times* when the country was first opened to the English, drew such a charming picture of the Japanese women, and described them as so simple-minded and pure that many people imagined we had at last found in this empire—so long locked up from European contamination—the primal simplicity of the Garden of Eden. Those who were not inclined to look upon everything with the believing eye of the gallant captain waited for further particulars,

and we fear those particulars by no means corroborate the innocence of the Japanese. Mr. Fortune, for instance, says:—

"In one of the villages through which we passed we observed what appeared to be a family bathing-room. The baths at the time were full of persons of both sexes, old and young, apparently of three generations, and all were perfectly naked. This was a curious exhibition to a foreigner, but the reader must remember we are now in Japan. Bathing-houses, or rooms, both public and private, are found in all parts of Japan, in the midst of crowded cities, or, as we here see, in country villages."

Mr. Fortune says no doubt the stern moralist of western countries will condemn this system of promiscuous bathing, but he adds, "probably the Japanese would have as much right to condemn our system of dressing and dancing." With every disposition to view liberally the customs of other nations, we cannot help saying that Mr. Fortune in this matter is a little too liberal for us. We should have fancied that the instincts of the most savage people would have recoiled from the gross indecency of these public ablutions, and especially against these family washings of three generations in the same bath. But it is quite clear that the Japanese are not at all particular in matters relating to the sexes from his descriptions of the tea-houses of the country, which are places of refreshment for the traveller, and something more. We do what we can to repress "the social evil" of our great cities, but the Japanese are very indifferent in such cases. These tea-houses, according to Mr. Fortune, are much in the same state as they were when described by Kempfer two centuries ago. Now let us hear what that worthy says of them:—

"The handsomest buildings belonging to the townspeople are two streets all occupied by courtesans. The girls in these establishments, which abound throughout Japan, are purchased of their parents when very young. The price varies in proportion to their beauty and the number of years agreed for, which is, generally speaking, ten or twenty, more or less."

They are very commodiously lodged in handsome apartments, and great care is taken to teach them to draw, sing, play upon musical instruments, to write letters, and in all other respects to make them as agreeable as possible. These young creatures, we are told, afterwards marry, and pass among the common people for honest women, the fault of their past lives being laid to the charge of their parents or relations, who sold them in their infancy into such a servitude. This is, doubtless, a very just allotment of the infamy, but we ask what must be the morality of families in Japan, where it is looked upon as an every day occurrence for a father thus to make money out of his daughter's virtue? We can understand after this the nature of that "innocence" which permits of promiscuous family-bathing, in public or private. We must suppose, however, that some of these tea-houses, which are the public restaurants of Japan, are well-conducted, as we find that the ladies of the country frequent them when travelling.

In front of the reception-door there is a matted platform, raised about a foot from the ground, and covered overhead. When any of the fair are travelling in a kind of palanquin of the country, they alight in a manner our own ladies perhaps might think not only a little undignified, but a little damaging to crinoline. For instance, when the palanquin or dooly is brought alongside of this platform, the bearers give the conveyance a tilt on one side, and the fair ones are literally emptied out upon the stage. What would your own wife, good reader, say to being thus shot on to the ground like a sack of coals? There can be but one answer, we fear, on the part of Englishwomen; but the Japanese, like the eels, are used to it, and we are told that it is not resented in the least, "but they immediately gather themselves up in the most coquettish way possible, and assume the squatting posture common in Japan." Mr. Fortune seems to have been particularly struck with a famous tea-house called the "Mansion of Plum-trees," and he appears to have made himself particularly comfortable there.

"Whether we really needed refreshment, or whether we could not resist the laughing-faced damsels above mentioned, is not of much moment to the general reader; one thing is certain, that somehow or other we found ourselves within the mansion of plum-trees, surrounded by pretty good-humoured girls, and sipping a cup of fragrant tea." Our traveller found himself, on another occasion, in these pleasant quarters, and he could not part from it without a heart-rending effort. "Pleasant, very pleasant, was that mansion of plum-trees, but it was necessary to move on." Although Mr. Fortune went to Japan to look after flowers, they were not such as he found in this pleasant tea-house.

Notwithstanding the custom of selling young girls into the infamy we have mentioned, Mr. Fortune tells us that Japan is a very Paradise of toys, and it would appear that the Japanese have far surpassed the western nations in the variety and ingenuity of their construction. This fact would lead one to suppose that they were very fond of their children, which Mr. Fortune, indeed, tells us they are, although they show a very extraordinary manner of expressing it. The great sense of humour displayed by the Japanese in their ivory carvings, which we all of us remember to have seen in the International Exhibition, would lead us to believe in their toy-making propensity:—

"All sorts of toys were abundant, and some of them were most ingenious and pretty. There were glass balls with numerous little tortoises inside them, whose heads, tails, and feet, were in constant motion; humming-tops, with a number of trays inside, which all came out and spun round on the table when the top was in motion,

and a number of funny things in boxes like wood shavings, which perform the most curious antics when thrown into a basin containing water. . . . One little article, so small one could scarcely see it, when put upon hot charcoal gradually seemed to acquire life and animation, and moved about for all the world like a brilliant caterpillar."

What are our toy-merchants about, that they have not imported these wonders from a far remote sea for the delectation of our little ones?

The main purpose of Mr. Fortune's visit to Japan—the collection of rarities of the vegetable world—he seems most successfully to have accomplished. The more delicate plants he packed in Wardian cases, and in this manner they reached England in very good health. Among other curious shrubs, he found what we did not possess in Europe, a male plant of the *Aucuba Japonica*, a well-known variegated laurel. The male plant is not variegated in the leaf, but it bears bunches of red berries, and is a noble-looking shrub; he also speaks of a gigantic primrose, of a Magenta colour, growing on a stalk two feet high. Most of the plants he brought over have now found their way into public nurseries; so that floriculturists and arboriculturists will speedily be able to reap the benefit of Mr. Fortune's scientific expedition. His visit to Yedo seemed to impress him far more than his subsequent visit to Peking, the size of which he seems to think very much overrated—at least the populated portion; for it appears there are large spaces within the walls totally waste and covered with reeds. With Yedo, the capital of Japan, on the contrary, he was much impressed, and he gives a very interesting account of that city, with its inner circle, devoted to the palace of the Tycoon, and its outer circle, filled with the palaces of the Daimios of the empire, and its province of houses, spreading out in a vast panorama before him, only less extensive than our own great metropolis itself. Mr. Fortune is not a picturesque writer, neither is his style particularly lively; but we feel that he is thoroughly trustworthy, and never sets down more than he has really seen—a great thing in the traveller. It is a pity that he has not given us more illustrations of the social life of the curious people he has been among, for the graver is a great help to the mind, and, indeed, is often the only means of informing it, when we have to do with a people whose habits and surroundings are so utterly unlike anything we are acquainted with in civilized life.

ALTOGETHER WRONG.*

It has been finely and truthfully said,—

"Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!"

And certainly, amongst the few who do know and follow after their own good, are not to be reckoned the young ladies who, like the heroine of this story, do not even know their own minds or their own hearts until they have taken an irretrievable step and have gone in for something that may be described by the excellent title for advertising under which this novel makes its appearance. We must, however, at once confess that the title has a force in it which does not belong to the novel. It was, perhaps, merely a happy accident.

Although the reign of the sensational novel is said to be over, there still appears to be a morbid desire for the portrayal of something which, if not *Altogether Wrong*, is not altogether right. Our lady-writers, of whom the present author is one, as is very evident throughout the book, determine that love and crime shall form the staple commodities of their works. Sometimes the crime is based upon the love; and sometimes, as there cannot be many combinations, the love grows out of the crime. In the novel before us, the result which is *Altogether Wrong* arises from a perverted, a misunderstood, and a misinterpreted love. This is not an uncommon case with young ladies, who too often affect not to understand the relation of the sexes, and who seem never to examine their own hearts thoroughly until it is too late. If we thought that this novel would in any degree enable them to do so, we should have no hesitation in warmly recommending it. As it stands we can hardly do so.

The story is about this:—A certain Geoffrey Hamilton, an old and rich bachelor, full of good feelings, worldly wisdom, and tenderness, but with a somewhat rough exterior, fully fitted to play an important second part in a novel, has a legacy not altogether to his taste bequeathed to him at the death of a school-fellow, who had, when a boy, saved Hamilton's life. These benevolent but crusty bachelors have generally some such reminiscence which touches a tender part, and prevents them from declining to act the part assigned them; and although, at first, Geoffrey Hamilton is very unwilling to be put out of the "even tenor of his way," yet he accepts, and finally grows dotingly fond of his ward and legacy, Miss Alice Vivian, whose mother had, as is usual in novels, "died in giving her birth." Alice, a wayward, clever girl, grows for her part attached to her guardian; and having thereby secured the blessings of fortune, and possessing those of beauty, youth, and intellect, she is perhaps to be excused if she has not the gift of a little common sense. This want brings her to grief, for she fancies herself in love with a handsome young fellow whom she meets at a ball, Mr. Augustus Denham. This Mr. Denham, who gets amuddled into English society by an introduction from a French nobleman, is

* *Altogether Wrong*. A Novel. In 3 vols. By the author of "The World's Furniture." Tinsley, Brothers. 1863.

an exceedingly reprehensible person; but upon him the authoress has exhausted what power she has, and it is but small, of portraying character. He is introduced when about to pay court to his intended, and to ascertain the intentions and secure the permission of her guardian, as swallowing a tumblerful of raw brandy, just to screw himself up, with the remark, certainly not without meaning in this case, that what would make other men drunk only gives him courage.

Thus fortified, Denham seeks Geoffrey Hamilton; and that gentleman having ascertained that his ward has made up her mind to marry him, gives his reluctant consent to the prosecution of his suit, but is somewhat disgusted at the information that Denham can only settle upon his wife £800 a year, and that the whole of his property consists of a house in Paris. Now, this house in Paris is peculiar; it is a gambling-house, and something worse; it is presided over by a lady, a creature of Denham's, and inhabited by certain other nymphs, at whose existence we can only hint. When in Paris—for Augustus is by birth a Frenchman—the *bête noire* of the story goes by the name of Louis Devaux, and is as mysteriously and awfully wicked as any one can well be, preserving at the same time the polished politeness and gentlemanly exterior of Augustus Denham. As to his double character and name the victims are of course purposely kept in the dark.

With an indefinite period appointed for their marriage, with certain misgivings on the part of the tender guardian, and a bold assurance only half felt on the side of Alice, the three characters wait till they are joined by a fourth, the nephew of Geoffrey Hamilton, to whom indeed he had ardently wished to unite his ward. This is Colonel Herbert Forrester, a soldier of thirty-eight, handsome, good, accomplished, and with that melancholy air which young ladies admire and middle-aged soldiers affect. The colonel hates and suspects Denham, and falls in love with Alice. Hamilton, the colonel, and the lady go to Paris, to find out what Denham really is; of course they cannot do so. The colonel is thrown out of a carriage, Alice nurses and falls in love with him; but as he only mildly makes a brother's love, knowing her to be affianced, and as Denham follows the trio eager for his prey, Alice consents to marry Denham—in spite of a violent kick he administers to her dog—and the union is complete. This of course is altogether wrong. But vengeance comes. The happy couple travel to Switzerland, and the gambling (and worse) house of Louis Devaux, *alias* Augustus Denham, is broken up by the agency of one of the minor characters, and the bridegroom—a gambler, and pressed for money—threatens his wife with brutal violence unless she draws for an alarmingly large amount on her guardian. Possibly even forgery is hinted at, but Alice refuses, in spite of oaths and threats, and when her husband has retired to his usual gambling resort, she flies. In the meantime Hamilton and Forrester are made aware of the true blackness of *ce cher Auguste*, and they set out to find Alice. This is no easy task, but the unhappy wife is found and restored to her guardian by Colonel Forrester, upon whom devolves a large fortune. A great portion of the third volume is occupied with some very vividly written descriptions of illicit love-making. Colonel Forrester takes his uncle and his ward to his new place, and fits up a charming boudoir for Alice. Upon her the force of her love comes doubled, nay quadrupled, since the utter worthlessness of Augustus has been made fully apparent, and thereby, although Alice is about shortly to become a mother, she is borne forward by her passions to force Colonel Forrester to declare his love. This—for a lady with a husband living, and within the first year of her marriage, and whilst she bears with her an unborn heir or heiress of the hated, but lawful lord—does strike us as being "Altogether Wrong." The scene in which the two lovers finally ascertain that which they knew long before—the intense love they have for each other—is much too highly charged.

The worst is supposed to happen. The consequences of her fall are still not apparent to the guests, or even to Forrester and herself, for the heroine opportunely breaks a blood-vessel, and after recovering from it, dies in child-birth of the heir of Augustus Denham. The villainous father soon after dies at the galleys, and Colonel Forrester marries a fashionable woman, who has made a dead set at him, but who runs away from him before the first year is out, leaving him and Geoffrey Hamilton to grow philosophical and to regret the charming Alice, and to recall her words, especially those in which she owned that she never really loved Augustus Denham, but only married him out of spite, because she loved Herbert and feared that he did not love her. Truly woman's heart is puzzling, and so is the logic of love-sick ladies.

This is a womanish, if not a womanly, book. The pictures of the gambling and reception house and the bad parts of the book are such evident reproductions from third-rate French novels, that we can suppose the authoress has a proper ignorance of the scenes she affects to describe. So much the better. Why has she meddled with them? It is over the province of woman's heart that a woman writer should reign supreme. It is by the delicate pencillings of a pure desire, and the portrayal of a sweet, an innocent love, that she should surprise and charm us. But what charnel-houses of dead loves, what prisons of riotous and unholy passions do some of our lady writers picture! If, indeed, ladies will write stories, let us have as many villains as they like, but let them spare their own sex. A book like this, had it more power, would be calculated to do much harm.

Happily the author's want of skill will negative the harm it is likely to do. The sketches of character are very feeble, the

reflections are irrelevant, trite, and worthless. What, for instance, can be the value of such remarks as these?—

"There is not the least doubt, after all, that art is an improvement on nature. We see it at every turn. What would the country be if the ground were not improved by man's hand? Are not trees cut down and others planted?" &c. &c.

The venerable American joke which states that in cultivated England "nature went with her hair combed," is, we suppose, the origin of this; but the thought is sadly diluted and weakened. There is also, now and then, a Tupperian attempt at morality and religious sentiment, which is equally flat, stale, and unprofitable. The pure (?) Alice rests with her infant in a pretty country churchyard with "a cross of pure white Carrara marble above her;" and so the reader is called upon to pity a young woman whose whole life was a blunder, and a very vicious and impure blunder it was. The book, let us hope, will, however, do but modified harm; for "Altogether Wrong" is also almost altogether uninteresting.

THREE WEEKS IN MAJORCA.*

THE most interesting feature of this little volume is the testimony it bears to the progressive character of the new life of Spain, visible not only on the mainland but on the islands under its government. Nothing can be more desirable, in its way, than that a people which once played so important a part in the affairs of Europe should win its way back to something like its ancient dignity, and thus come more immediately into contact with, and feel the force of those new conditions in the national life of Europe which have renewed the face of the earth. Constitutional Government, the vast increase her commerce has of late years received, and the reassertion of her military power by the war in Morocco, have given an impetus to Spain full of hope for her future. It is not at once that a country so long given up to the decay of all that was noble in her former history can awaken to a new existence; and with all the promise of renovation she has given of late years, it would be strange if there did not remain very much yet to be done before she can again claim her position as a Power of the first rank. But it may be that, accustomed as we have been to regard her as dead to the higher impulses of a nation, we have taken much for granted in her disparagement which is not true, and have not given her credit when she has really deserved it. We are, therefore pleased to hear from so candid an observer as Mr. Dodd that she is not insensible to those movements which, amongst ourselves, have been productive of so large an amount of good, and on which we worthily pride ourselves. Especially, when we consider the general impression as to the ignorance in which her people are sunk, we are glad to learn that the Government have been anxiously looking to the education of the lower classes. This is the first step in national reconstruction; and when we find an English traveller conversing with the boy who brings him his breakfast at the inn on the differences between Castilian and the Mallorcan (Majorcan) dialect, we are not surprised to hear, further on, that a good education is bestowed upon the humblest subjects of Queen Isabella. Indeed, it has for some time been compulsory on the part of parents to send their children to school; and, in order that they may have no excuse for not doing so, the municipal corporations in the large towns are empowered, with the consent of Government, to levy an educational rate. In villages and smaller populations, as in the towns of Majorca, the expense is borne partly by the Government, partly by the landowners, and partly by a certain class of the pupils.

This symptom of revival is not solitary. At Barcelona, Mr. Dodd tells us, the progress of Spanish skill and industry is particularly observable in the cotton-mills and the silk and iron factories which have been established there, and are flourishing. One factory turned out last year two locomotives of unexceptionable quality—a feat until then unheard of in Spain. Everywhere new roads and railways are in process of construction; and young men are studying English for the purpose of acquainting themselves with our latest mechanical improvements. Even the bull fight is amongst the things which seem to be going out of fashion. "The press generally condemns it, especially since the recent death of the torero at Madrid. The ladies, as a rule, have ceased to countenance it. The priests have long been hostile to it, and now sharply denounce it, notwithstanding Mr. Windham's celebrated assertion in the House of Commons, that bull fighting is the surest way to maintain the connection between Church and State." On the subject of religious restrictions, Mr. Dodd says that there is a growing disposition to relax them. Not a few of the parochial clergy share it; "the men of progress, who are many, are entirely for it; the men of indifference, who are more, are not opposed to it." Our author doubts, however, whether English residents in Spain take the best way to improve this disposition. He states that in a Protestant service which he attended, the clergyman, in a long extempore prayer, dwelt "with great unction on the darkness of the unhappy country, which at the time was giving us protection and liberty of worship." He heard another in his sermon denounce the superstition and idolatry of the Established Church of the land. A third was arrested for distributing tracts among the people. A thing may be right in itself, and yet be inexpedient under given circumstances. Mr. Dodd thinks that the discussions

* Three Weeks in Majorca. By William Dodd, A.M. Chapman & Hall.

in the House of Commons upon Spanish intolerance have also had an injurious effect. "The Spaniards," he writes, "are a sensitive and high-minded people, and I have heard men who all their lives long have been distinguished by earnestness and activity in the cause of religious freedom, declare with bitterness that they would much prefer the continuance, or even the aggravation, of their religious restrictions, to English dictation or English interference." The facts may not be without weight, especially if it is true that there is an effort, and an increasing desire, on the part of the Spaniards themselves to relax the restrictions complained of.

The points we have noted will, we think, be more interesting to the readers of Mr. Dodd's book than his description of Majorca, called Mallorca by the islanders, which presents nothing very remarkable, except some passages from the history of the island, and a notice of the caves of Artá. These caves are situated in a chain of hills, covered with pines, mixed with abundance of arbutus and wild flowers. The mouth of the caves—formerly there were two, but, since they have been artificially united, there is now in reality only one—overlooks the sea, and the approach to it is by a steep winding path cut out of a precipitous mass of mountain limestone, leading up to a flight of steps, at the top of which is a majestic arch, measuring 140 feet from the crown to the base, which gives entrance to the cavern:—

"The guide having prepared his lamp of three branches, which gave a very good but yet insufficient light, we entered, and I passed on after him, from chamber to chamber, many of which were at different levels, but all connected by stone steps or wooden staircases.

"It is impossible to give a just idea of the marvellous beauty of these lofty chambers. The calcareous deposits are of gigantic magnitude and ever-varying shape. Sometimes they have the most grotesque appearance; but usually they present familiar forms. Near the entrance I saw what looked like trunks of large oak trees, apparently decayed with age, and I struck them with my stick, to be assured they were not wood. More commonly the stalactites assume the form of date trees, slender towards the middle, as the date palm often is, with rough bark, and tall stems. At times, they cling to roof and sides, like leaves and flowers delicately chiselled out of alabaster. At other times, reaching from floor to roof, they showed like the massive pillars of a Norman church, or the clustered shafts of a later and more graceful architecture. Heavy pendants or bosses from the roof assisted the illusion of a Gothic cathedral.

"There are many chambers, which have each their distinctive character and name. In 'the Hall of the Virgin,' there is a tall majestic figure standing on a high pedestal, and when seen under a peculiar light, holding what seems to be a child in her arms. There is 'the Baptistry,' with its capacious font; and 'the Hall of the Pulpit,' which only wants the figure of a priest to give it reality. There is 'the Hall of the Organ,' with its many parallel and contiguous pipes, which, when struck with a hammer, give out musical notes of almost metallic sweetness and variety. There is 'the Hall of the Banners,' each pendant from its own staff; 'the Hall of the Curtain,' massive with solid folds; and 'the Hall of the Theatre,' with its rows of boxes, where the people of the neighbourhood sometimes assemble for a ball or a pic-nic. But the variety is endless. I had heard much of the wondrous extent and beauty of these halls, but the half had not been told me."

Mr. Dodd was much pleased with his visit to the island. He found the people intelligent, communicative, and honest; the inns not very commodious, but the climate delightful, and the scenery, more particularly about Soller, grand and beautiful. His necessary expenses did not exceed a duro (4s. 2d.) a day; and he speaks of the sea-bathing—"not confined to a few weeks in summer and autumn, and then to be taken, like a snap-shot, when the weather happens to be fair, but sea-bathing all the year round, with few exceptions, every day the same,"—as a luxury beyond price.

TWICE LOST.*

THE author of this story seems to have been moved by the success of Mr. Wilkie Collins to attempt to hold the attention of his readers by the aid of elaborate construction and mystery. The result is not striking. The story, indeed, is not to be classed with those feeble imitations which a great success always draws after it. There can be no doubt of the author's power. He holds his characters and incidents well in hand; writes firmly and often very happily. But we never feel that intense interest which in the "Woman in White" makes us at times almost hold our breath in the eager suspense with which we pursue the narrative. There is also a disproportion between the machinations of the villain of the story and the object he proposes to gain, which destroys the air of reality; and the final solution is so unskillfully managed that we close the book almost with a feeling that it is much ado about nothing. In addition to this, some of the main incidents are excessively improbable, and the mystery is too speedily solved. But what is worse still is the fact that the girl in whom the interest centres does not impress us with any great anxiety about her fate. Though she is described as beautiful, her beauty is not realised to us; while her conduct throughout augurs very little happiness to the suitor who ultimately obtains her hand.

The story is somewhat after this fashion. Mr. Langley, a gentleman engaged in commerce, has been twice married. His first wife was the widow of a Portuguese of large fortune, whom he met and married at Rio. This lady had already a daughter,

Lucia. In due time she had another, Lilia, by her second husband; and differences arising between her and Mr. Langley, she went with both children to live with her sister at Monte Video. This sister was married to an Italian refugee, and had a son by him, Marco. At Monte Video Mrs. Langley died. She had lived there under a feigned name, fearing that her husband would follow her; and on her death the aunt and the children went to Italy, where the younger sister is at first supposed to have died. Both were entitled to a large sum under their grandmother's will, when they came of age; and some years afterwards, Mr. Langley having married again, found out and claimed the elder girl as his daughter, and brought her with him to England. Lucia, who has passed under the name of Maude, has grown up deeply attached to her cousin Marco, who returns her love; and it is the struggle on Langley's part to keep her from this fascinating Italian, with the view of securing her fortune for himself by marrying her to his partner, Mr. Dennis, which forms the action of the story. To do this he determines to remove her to his house in Wales. He engages Miss Derwent to be her governess and gaoler, associating with her several domestics, of whose fidelity to him he is confident. Why he assigns a task so important to a stranger instead of performing it himself, and why he concludes that Maude will be safer at Parc Rhaiader under the care of a governess than in his house in London under his own eye, we have failed to discover. But to Parc Rhaiader she goes, and there, of course, Marco makes his appearance, having traced them by the aid of another subtle Italian named Guiseppe. Maude disappears. Mr. Langley arrives in answer to a letter which Miss Derwent has despatched to him, and shows a suspicious disinclination to make any active search after the fugitives. The establishment is broken up, and Miss Derwent returns to her own home in London.

Presently we find Miss Derwent "assisting" at a spiritual séance, to which Mrs. Langley has taken her, in the hope of gaining some intelligence, through the "medium," of Maude's whereabouts. This scene is well described and amusing. A paper is placed in Miss Derwent's hand, on which is written a request from Marco to know when and where he can see her—of course from Marco not in the spirit, but in the flesh. She writes down an appointment, gives it to him, and is astonished, when they meet, to find that he knows nothing about Maude. Marco resolves to go at once down to Parc Rhaiader. The first person he sees at the Paddington Station is Mr. Langley, who is also setting out for his house in Wales. On the way down an accident to the engine delays the train. Mr. Langley gets out, and refuses to get in again, for he is afraid of death, and is easily alarmed. Marco also gets out and is discovered, though disguised, by Gwythyr, Mr. Langley's servant, who points him out to his master. Marco rejoins the train, and reaches the station nearest to Parc Rhaiader before Langley. He allows the man in charge of the house to mistake him for Mr. Dennis, and elopes with Maude, reaching Ireland safe. There they are married. But Garibaldi's expedition to Marsala is on foot. Marco leaves his bride at a convent, and goes to join his chief. Langley traces his supposed daughter to the convent, and, taking Miss Derwent with him, induces her to return to England on the promise that she shall, for a time at least, live with her governess. She is told that the marriage is illegal, and that Marco has deserted her; and then we have a long chapter, in which we are promised some interesting difficulties arising out of the Irish marriage law, and suggested apparently by the Yelverton case. Maude is made to avow that she was never a Roman Catholic; thus her marriage could not have been legal. But this promise of interest comes to nothing. Marco and her younger sister suddenly make their appearance, and the story comes to a lame and impotent conclusion.

The great fault of the book is that we never really feel that Maude is a girl much to be pitied, or that Mr. Langley is a subtle and unscrupulous contriver against her happiness, worthy of our indignation. We see, indeed, that he has designs upon her fortune; but her character is one which does not promise much prudence in the selection of a husband, and we almost think it would be as well if she were married to Mr. Dennis, even at the cost of Mr. Langley's receiving part of her money. When we leave her finally the wife of the chivalrous Italian, we have no doubt that a woman so sullen, so ignorant, so little under the control of her reason, will turn out a poor matrimonial bargain. But with all these objections the book is worth reading. Until we know what the mystery is which has doomed Maude to imprisonment at Parc Rhaiader, our curiosity to have it solved is well sustained, and there are many passages which indicate power much above mediocrity.

A DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.*

THE form of a dictionary is a very convenient one for text-books in some branches of learning. It is not, indeed, suitable where continuity is essential to the proper treatment of the subject. Thus a dictionary of history cannot be much more than a dictionary of dates or of biography. Nor, of course, should elementary books be arranged alphabetically: in order to grasp the first conceptions of a science it is necessary that they should be presented in a systematic and logical form. But where the details happen for any reason to be more important than the method, and where the aim is rather the convenience of the learned than the instruction of the learners, there is no form in which information can be better

* Twice Lost. A Novel. By the Author of "Queen Isabel," "Nina," "The Story of a Family," &c. Virtue Brothers & Co.

* A Dictionary of Chemistry, founded on that of the late Dr. Ure. By Henry Watts, B.A., F.C.S. Part I. Longmans.

arranged. For these reasons Mr. Watts has, we think, done wisely in producing a "Dictionary of Chemistry" rather than a systematic text-book; and there are other considerations, founded on the present state of chemical science, which confirm his judgment. The facts of chemistry have of late years outgrown the classification; and though this has been greatly altered and extended, the substitution of new for old systems is not yet complete. The practical inconveniences of such a state of transition are obvious, and would be especially noticeable in a systematic work. With such difficulties the translator of Gmelin's colossal "Hand-book" must be well acquainted; and it is perhaps his experience in that field which has suggested to Mr. Watts an arrangement which, partly at least, obviates them.

The "Dictionary of Chemistry" is described, with almost an excess of modesty, as founded on that of the late Dr. Ure; but even a superficial inspection is sufficient to show that the greater part of it is entirely new. The articles relating to mineralogy are, as might have been expected, those which have suffered least change; but the very titles of many others must have been quite unknown in 1831, when Dr. Ure's book was published. *Acrolein*, *allyl*, *amides* (to take examples quite at random), are a few out of many names coined to express the results of researches conducted within the last thirty years. The accumulation of facts within this period has certainly been surprising; but the growth of theory is, in reality, not less remarkable. Turning to the articles *acid* and *alkali*, we are at once struck with the enormous extension which the meaning of these familiar words has received. It is worthy of remark, that this is the result of discoveries which seemed at first to have no bearing on the first principles of the science. The same may be said of the new or "unitary" system of notation, which it has been found absolutely necessary to adopt. While it alters some of the commonest chemical formulae, it yet depends for its justification on facts in the apparently remote field of organic chemistry.

Higher praise could scarcely be given to the "Dictionary of Chemistry" than that it fully and fairly represents the progress of the science both in facts and theories. This might be expected to be the case from the brilliant list of contributors; and the expectation is fully borne out by a careful examination of their articles. Originality is almost more than we should have looked for in a work of this kind; yet we cannot help mentioning some of the masterly articles of Dr. Odling as presenting the foundations of chemical theory in a new and striking light.

It remains to mention a few defects which we have noted. We should have expected an article, *acetylene*, giving an account of that interesting hydro-carbon which M. Berthelot has produced by direct union of its elements; but the occurrence of the word *vinyl* late in the alphabet probably points to the place where the omission will be supplied. It is hard to say that any article is absolutely redundant; still we cannot see what conception of the province of chemistry includes a description of "*alcarrasas* or porous water-jars." The inaccuracies are few beside a small number of obvious misprints. It is, however, more than a misprint to define *acetene* as a synonym of olefiant gas. It may have been used in this sense; but its most important meaning is that given it by Berthelot, who uses it for the gas called hydride of ethyl. Again, great disappointment would be experienced by anyone who should attempt to prepare aldehyde according to the first process given by Mr. Watts. A most essential substance, the binoxide of manganese, is not mentioned; the omission of which would be as fatal as to leave out the yeast in making bread.

These comparatively trifling errors do not interfere with the general accuracy and trustworthiness of the book, which, if it is finished as well as it is begun, will be for many years an excellent guide for the student who has mastered the elements of the science, and a standard work of reference for the practical chemist.

SCIENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NEWCASTLE.

ANOTHER British Association Meeting has passed away—another gala-time of science is over—and the "wise week" of Newcastle, as the local wits have styled it, has come to an end; and as one of the brightest and happiest as well as the most successful will the Newcastle meeting rank amongst the best of those the Association have yet recorded. Some battles have been fought in the sections, but on this occasion there has been more peace than usual and no very desperate encounters have taken place. The ethnologists were in goodly force; and if some of the papers of the venerable ex-president, Mr. Crawford, had been read in London, they were still unpublished and well worthy of being discussed again at Newcastle; and it is to our mind scarcely becoming, on the part of younger men, to attack and twit those grey-haired philosophers who have pioneered the way for us, and whose years of active and excellent labours should rather raise the kindest and most generous feelings towards those later efforts in their evening of life, which, though still good, may exhibit some traces of declining powers, and whose defects of decaying intellect we should rather strive to hide than to expose. On Thursday the machinery of the Association was working at high steam, and the full business of the sections was doubtless as puzzling to new associates and lady-visitors as the pistons, cranks, and wheels of a steam-engine to a New Zealander. Peripatetic in its yearly perigrinations, and without a head for

fifty-one weeks of the year, is the British Association; but while it is an active living existence, it has changed its nature entirely and become a veritable hydra with seven heads. Mathematical and physical science was actively talking in the Friends' Meeting House; chemical science had squatted down in the Lecture-room in Nelson-street; geology, in a lively moment, had seized upon the Music Hall; Zoology and botany debated in solemn dignity in the Council Chamber, while they permitted a restive relative to form an offshoot in the medical school. Geography, ethnology, and Sir Roderick Murchison held gigantic fashionable levees in the great Assembly-room; while economics and statistics imitated their "betters" in the small one. Mechanical science—last, not least, on our list, and greatest here in its home of practical application—called her council together appropriately enough in the rooms of the Philosophical Society. While all these sections are going on in the town simultaneously, excursions and visitations of factories are proceeding in the country for forty miles around. No one ever did see, or ever will see a British Association meeting, until humanity acquires a power of diffusion in space and of reconstruction into solidity again to collect and express distinctly what it has seen in such an attenuated condition.

What is practically done is practically the best. Every morning a journal is issued giving the list of papers for the day; on the first day of each meeting similar lists of excursions and sights are published. Everybody goes to hear what he likes and to see what he pleases. The consequence is that everybody misses what would be tedious and dull, and comes away, when the butterfly life of the Association has ended, fully satisfied and pleased with all he has seen and heard. Most people's tastes inclining on such occasions to particular popular subjects, there is a great rush to hear Captain Grant "On the Nile," Professor Airey "On Steam-boiler Explosions," or Sir William Armstrong "On Great Guns;" and to these great floods of attraction the loose particles ebb from all the sections until the driest papers are left with the smallest possible audiences to listen to them,—another instance of how admirably nature acts when left alone. Amongst the most important papers on Thursday week were Mr. Abel's "Experiments on Lucifer-matches;" "On Coal, Coke, and Coal-mining in Northumberland and Durham," by Messrs. Wood, Taylor, and Marley; "On the Magnesian Limestone of the County of Durham," by Messrs. Forster and Dalgleish; and "On the Commixture of Races as affecting the Progress of Civilization in the New World," by Mr. Crawford. In the evening the first soirée was held in the Central Exchange News Room; newspapers and telegrams were swept away, and a fairy-land of pictures and sculptures, gems and jewels, machines, wood-carvings, fossils, minerals, instruments, iron, coals, plants, precious metals—aluminium, thallium, and one mass of silver 140 stones in weight, and valued at £8,000. But higher in value and brighter in purity was that beauteous crowd of the fairest of England's daughters, under the charge of the noblest, manliest intellects in the world. Amongst the many first-rate examples of the painter's skill were the faces and features of many a worthy, past and present, hung with banner and flag—Armstrong and Headlam, the two Stephensons, Turner and Bewick, Losh and Pattinson, Newton and Dalton, Hutton and Ray, Cook and Adam Smith, Hunter and Watt. Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and pictures by the old masters, too numerous to name, impossible in the dense packing of that brilliant crowd to see: but many there were who did stop in the midst of all that fascinating whirl to linger over Faed's "Good Night," and to all but drop a tear in homage to the touching power of Calderon's "Lost and Found." It has been usual to sweep away on the following day the many beautiful and instructive articles accumulated on such occasions, but in this instance they were left as a permanent exhibition for the remainder of the week, and numerous indeed were the visitors who went to inspect them at leisure. Friday brought forth a valuable paper by Dr. Akin, "On the Transmutation of Spectral Rays," and an exhibition by the Abbé Moigno of M. Soleil's tenebroscope, for showing the "Invisibility of Light;" also Mr. Siemen's remarkable paper "On the Electrical Resistance and the Electrification of India-rubber under a pressure of 500 tons." Amongst other papers of interest were "The Report of the Gun-cotton Committee;" "The Chemical Manufactures of the Newcastle District" by Messrs. Stevenson, Clapham, and Richardson; and "Contortions in Mica-schist and Slate," by Mr. Sorby. The day was terminated by a most masterly lecture "On the Chemistry of the Galvanic Battery in relation to Dynamics," by Dr. Williamson, to a full audience, in the vast and beautiful town-hall, which has been most elegantly and tastefully decorated, and was inaugurated by the opening address of Sir William Armstrong two nights before. The record of notable papers on Saturday will include Mr. Glaisher's "Report on Luminous Meteors," and "Report on Austrian Gun-cotton." In the evening there was a grand ball at the Assembly Rooms, opened by Captain Grant and the Lady Mayoress. Sunderland for this day was a great scene of attraction for the geologists, who made an excursion there to the magnesian limestone quarries at Humbleton and Tunstall, and descended into the deepest coal-mine in the world. Monkwearmouth excursions will not always go off without a hitch, and the little one that took place on this was more amusing than distressing. The mayor of that ancient port had invited a hundred of the members to dine at the Queen's Hotel, that number being the extent of the accommodation that could be afforded, but, by some mistake, his subsidiaries sent out a double lot of invitations. The consequence was, that when the Mayor returned with the geologists, the room was filled

with other excursionists so densely that the chief magistrate was unable to make his way to the table to deliver his speeches; and the members seated preferring dinner to oratory, and declining to move, local wags, it is said, suggested an adjournment of the "extras" to the Free Library, the comfortable condition of which, they presumed, would be congenial to their feelings.

Saturday closed at Newcastle with a concert in the Town Hall, at which Madame Volpini, Signor Bossi, and Mr. Santley sang. The fine old church of St. Nicholas was crowded on Sunday, as was also St. John's, where the Rev. Canon Miller preached. The numerous other churches were well attended.

On Monday the scientific work began again in earnest, Dr. Lee reading the Report of the Balloon Committee; Mr. Glaisher his "Report on Balloon Ascents;" Messrs. Bell, Sopwith, Richardson, and Spencer, a "Report on the Metallurgy of the District;" the other notable papers being Professor Phillips "On the St. Acheul Flint-implement Gravels;" Consul Petherick's "Account of his Disasters on the Nile;" Mutu Coomara Swamy "On the Ethnology of Ceylon;" and Mr. Palmer "On Iron Ship-building on the Tyne." Mr. Glaisher's balloon ascent was made this day, Mr. Coxwell snapping the catch at 6:12 p.m., the streets as well as the cricket-ground being densely thronged. The descent was made at Leamside station, towards Durham. A banquet was given to the Association by the members for Newcastle, Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Headlam, and Monday was terminated by a *soirée* and microscopical exhibition. Amongst the objects displayed on the occasion were many beautiful instruments by Ross, Smith, and Beck, and some very good ones of local manufacture. Mr. Browning exhibited a fine spectroscope with three prisms, just completed for Sir Fowell Buxton, on the plan of Mr. Cassiot's wonderful instrument, to which we devoted an article some time ago. This painstaking maker also showed some very fine extra-dense glass prisms of the largest size we have yet seen, and some fluid prisms with parallel glass sides. He also exhibited an aneroid barometer, chiefly designed for mountain measurements, which displayed a new feature of very great scientific importance. The zero of the instrument is liable by a blow or other accident to be put out of unison with the zero of the scale, and the old way of bringing them together again was by a key turning the spring, which obviously was liable to, and indeed did, change the entire condition of the instrument. Mr. Francis Galton suggested that if the scale could be set to the changed zero of the instrument, a perfect correction of the shift would be made, and the instrument would necessarily work as correctly as before the accident. This Mr. Browning has accomplished in the neatest and most perfect manner, and by the simplest and most manageable means.

Tuesday brought forth numerous papers, the chief of which were by Messrs. Crookes and Bell, on "Thallium" and "Aluminium." The evening lecture was by Mr. Glaisher, on "Aërial Meteorology," in which he gave to an immense audience a valuable account and explanation of the ascents of the present year and their results. His well-put defence of Mr. Coxwell from the slightest aspersions of blame in respect to the late accident drew forth an enthusiastic call for that fine aeronaut. We were very glad of this, as the explanation of the accident is very simple. When the gas in a balloon expands, it naturally issues in volumes from the neck of the balloon; it did so in Mr. Chambers's case, and the unfortunate young man had not the sense or the power to apply the natural remedy of opening the valve at the top of the balloon to permit it to escape there.

The terminating Wednesday is usually a sort of clearing-up day for the Association. The superabundant papers are read to very scanty audiences; most of the members have returned to their homes or have gone on the final excursion, and only a thin audience attends to hear the report of the numbers of members and associates who have attended, the money taken, the grants made for various purposes, and the usual laudatory speeches. On the present occasion, the gorgeous Town-hall held a very large and fashionable audience and presented a brilliant aspect; the speeches were lively. The official announcement was: 609 members, 1,719 associates, 1,004 ladies, and 24 foreign visitors; a grand total of 3,356. The grants for scientific investigations were:—Kew Committee, £600; Mr. Glaisher—Luminous Meteors, £20; Professor Hennessey—Vertical Movements of Atmosphere, £30; Mr. Symons—Rainfall in 1862–63, £20; Professor Williamson—Electrical Standards, £100; Mr. Griffith—Transmutation of Spectral Rays, £45; Colonel Sykes—Balloon Experiments, £200; Mr. Matthiessen—Cast Iron, £20; Mr. Duprè—Carbon under Pressure, £10; Mr. Gages—Mechanical Structure of Rocks, £10; Sir P. Egerton—Fossil Contents of the Staffordshire Coal-field, £20; Professor Phillips—Quantity of Coal, £100; Professor Allman—Hydroids, £10; Mr. Jeffreys—Dredging, £25; Mr. Jeffreys—Dredging, £75; Mr. Jeffreys—General Dredging Committee, £10; Professor Huxley—Herrings, £10; Dr. Carpenter—Models of the Foraminifera, £25; Sir W. Jardine—Nomenclature, £15; Dr. Richardson—Nitrite of Amyle, £10; Mr. Crawford—Typical Crania, £50; Mr. Oldham—Tidal Observations in the Humber, £50; Professor Rankine—Resistance of Moving Bodies, £100; Duke of Sutherland—Steamship Performance, £60; Mr. Fairbairn—Gun Cotton, £50; Mr. Askham, £50. Total, £1,715.

It is rumoured that the grant for the continuance of Mr. Glaisher's aerial experiments was only saved from refusal by a threat on the part of some influential local members that Newcastle would supply the fund by subscription if the Association failed to do so. We hope this rumour has no foundation; but it is not a little singular, and it has been the subject of much comment, that

the president in his closing speech omitted the usual thanks to the two evening lecturers. That there is something of a cliquism amongst the high authorities of the Association is certain and unavoidable; but under the present fixed arrangements of the Association the local influence of the towns where the meetings are held is quite sufficient to counteract any undue influences, and to maintain a proper status and an effective freedom for every member and associate.

There have been two remarkable features connected with the late meeting—first, the number and extent of the excursions and the general devotion of the mass of the members to them; and, secondly, the remarkably full and accurate manner in which the local newspapers have reported the proceedings. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* has been especially energetic and successful in this respect, and the reprint of their reports in pamphlet form, which will be published this day, will be really a valuable record of this important meeting. The principal excursions have been to Jarrow, to Messrs. Palmer's iron and rolling works and iron ship-building yard; to Whitby, to witness Sir William Armstrong's great-gun experiments; to Allenhead, to the silver and lead mines of Mr. Beaumont; to South Shields and Marsden Rocks; and to the great iron works of the Messrs. Bell Brothers, at Cleveland. A gratifying incident in the closing meeting was the warm applause given to the vote of thanks to Sir William Armstrong by the very aged Mr. Headlam, who a quarter of a century ago was the Mayor of Newcastle, when the British Association made its first visit. The meeting for next year will be at Bath.

THE SANITARY STATE OF OUR WATERING-PLACES— BRIGHTON.

"WHEN all the world is at the seaside, it is very proper for editors to be there too." We can fancy some of our readers there remarking, "But why can't they rest and recruit themselves, and not stir up that which is sufficiently inodorous already?" Editors have only the power of speaking louder than other people, and making themselves heard; but their name is legion who come for fresh air and fresh sea, and express justifiable disappointment at not getting them. If it were one or two towns that perpetrated the nuisance, we could avoid them and go somewhere else; but there is a regular fashion just now of polluting our watering-places. We have no objection to the townsfolk there draining their towns if they like, but we do not want their filth cast into *our* sea, which we buy for the season, and pay for it, very often handsomely enough.

Last week we described generally the existing condition of the drainage of the largest and most frequented of the watering-places on our south-eastern coasts, and while admitting that the principal annoyances from the ejection of the sewage into the sea might be but temporary, and more or less likely to be overcome when the present works were completed and carried sufficiently far into deep water, we still suggested that improvements on the present scheme were possible. The object of a critical inquiry is not to detract from the merits of those to whose skill the construction of engineering works is consigned, nor to bring any place undeservedly into disfavour, and thereby to injure those who derive their livings, as lodging-house keepers do directly, and tradesmen indirectly, from the influx of strangers. The real objects of such an inquiry are by studying the evils which exist to be able to suggest their remedies; and also to elicit general principles upon which particular operations should be founded—a knowledge as essential to the inhabitant as the visitor. Every town has neighbours, and neighbours are not always neighbourly, as everyone knows, especially when they happen to be rivals. Watering-places are not more neighbourly than neighbours often are, and perhaps they may sometimes like to do each other as much mischief as they can. Brighton happens to have some very near neighbours indeed. Cliftonville and Hove take her by one arm, Rottingdean by the other. Hove does not care about Brighton, any more than Brighton does about Rottingdean, as long as each gets rid of its sewage out of its own domain; and one may be glad, perhaps, that the other gets it. Perhaps it was for some such reason that Hove, starting with a head of barely six feet above high water, rather coolly proposed that Brighton should tunnel through itself to convey the Hove sewage along its main-drain, to some utilization works to be constructed at Rottingdean. Brighton, perhaps, in like manner, may not have much consideration about Rottingdean, but she cares too much about herself to have a stagnant tunnel,—with only a fall of 1 in 3,000, dug in the bare chalk, or steined at most in 4½-inch brickwork,—riddling the ground for six miles beneath her, and draining all the wells above its line of level, and polluting all the springs below by percolation. Such an elongated cesspool was the only land-scheme proposed. We do not wonder that it was rejected; our wonder would have been that any one had been insane enough to attempt it. Will it be believed that engineers could be found to advocate it? But after so visionary a proposal, it is no wonder that Brighton should look at how nature took off her sewage, and then determine to help nature to carry it a little further away.

Something was perfuming the shore with an odour far less agreeable than otto of roses, and more powerful than patchouli; something must be wrong with the drains. So there was an inspection, an order for new works. The old drain did not extend further than low-water mark, and there was a leakage from the wooden storm-water outfall, because the dam above it was low,

and the flood water and sewage were partly delivered with the ebb time on to the beach. There was, however, another cause at work, producing the stench for which Brighton was some two years ago getting unpleasantly noted. It was the decomposing buried sea-weed. When storms are sudden and violent, they tear up vast quantities of sea-weed from the rocks and cast it ashore. This becomes buried beneath the thousands of tons of shingle which are cast up by the same storms; after a time it decomposes, and when the rain-water percolates through it, a dark-coloured, extremely offensive liquid oozes out beneath. At Rottingdean, some time since, a thick peat-like bed of sea-weed, giving off a powerful odour, might be seen intercalated in the midst of the beach. The originating cause of the offensive condition of the sea-shore by the Junction-road in 1862, was the two new groynes erected there a short time previously; the rapid filling up of the "pocket" between them offering unusual facility for a great accumulation of sea-weed, and which was quickly and deeply covered by the enormous quantities of shingle arrested and retained by the groynes. These circumstances, however, show the necessity of judging between temporary and casual effects and the permanent effects of draining. To understand the principles upon which the sea-drainage of a watering-place should be conducted, we must first thoroughly inform ourselves of the set and the direction of the main tides; then of the in-shore variable currents. The conditions of the tides in the British Channel and those of the in-shore currents are dependent on particular circumstances, and it by no means follows that the principles applicable in one geographical area are equally applicable in every other. The great oceanic tidal wave striking the West of England is split at the Land's End into two portions—one, the flood-tide setting up the Channel from Cornwall towards Dover; the other, passing round the north of Scotland, traverses the Yorkshire coasts, and runs with the ebb downwards from Deal towards the Land's End. These two tidal-waves, meeting between Ramsgate and Hastings, mutually arrest each other at high-water, their impetus causing them to raise the tides there higher than they would be if either tide swept uninterrupted through the Channel. Indeed, the effect produced by their mutual resistance is a distension of the water towards the land on either side, and thus the flood-tide forces everything floating along its littoral portions towards the shores both on the French and English coasts. On the other hand, when the tide ebbs away through the deeper central gully of the Channel, its very motion is towards the middle tidal stream, and this outward tendency is of course to drag floating substances and free solid objects off from the land—the natural slope of the strand aiding this tendency.

The ebb-tide is then undoubtedly the most proper time for emitting sewage into the sea, and there is no doubt it would be more effectively got rid of at that period than at any other, and with only the remotest possibility of any annoyance to any part of the shore; but restriction of emission to this period would involve the restriction during considerable periods of the sewage within the drains. If, therefore, the quantity of sewage be large, we can scarcely avoid a continuous discharge of it; and whether we consider the liquid or solid portion, the main tidal streams will be the only effectual carriers. We must always get clear of the littoral currents. Now Brighton is an enormously elongated, narrow town, spread out for three miles along the shore, and if we include Hove and Rottingdean we have a sea-face of six miles of houses. If we discharge the sewage of this long area in the centre it is evident that, whether the discharge goes east with the flood or west with the ebb, if there be any inset at all—we know there is with the flood, and local circumstances may confer an intrend upon the ebb,—that both sides would be subject to the infliction of an annoyance. If, however, our coast-line lies parallel with the directions of the tides, and we let off our sewage through an outlet on the east at one extremity of the town, when the flood-tide is flowing to the same point; and though another outlet at the western extremity, when the ebb is running that way, it is quite evident that the intermediate area within the two outfalls must be free from even the possibility of any deterioration. The position of this area, under such circumstances, may be familiarly illustrated by the old fable of the wolf and the lamb, for as the sewage would proceed away from it in both directions, the water along it could never be polluted. By alternately opening a gate on one side and shutting one on the other, we could regulate the outlet by which the sewage would be emitted, and in this way manage that at every instant it should be going directly away from us. Now Brighton offers the best possible conditions for the successful application of this principle. An intercepting sewer might be carried completely through the town from one extremity to the other along the Western-road, St. James's-street, and George's-road, with terminations respectively at the farthest eastern extremity of Kemp-town and the most western point of Brighton, by the toll-house. Rottingdean and Cliftonville might be advantageously included in the area if the wings of Brighton could be got into harmony with its body; but effectual plans of sea-draining will be constantly thwarted and rendered impossible until some higher authority than municipal corporations be established for large and comprehensive areas, so that each little section shall not be able either by selfish carelessness about its neighbours to injure them, or be left without the power of associating with other immediate districts for any desirable purpose of combined operations. Each of the two outlets we suggest for Brighton would alternately be liable to scatter some objectionable waifs and strays upon Hove or Rottingdean respectively, while by the combination of the three districts

the whole area might be effectively treated beyond the possibility of any detriment occurring to any portion whatever. By the intercepting sewer along the Western-road all the great high-level area of Brighton would be cut off from the Albion sewer, which would then only have to drain the small low-level area round the Pavilion, not more than a hundred acres in extent. For this the Albion sewer seemingly must be the exit, and, although the sewage passing through it were restricted to this little patch, it would still be desirable that, however small the quantity, it should still be emitted as far into the sea as possible. It is, therefore, a necessary work, although if it could be avoided so much the better. A simultaneous emission by three outlets, however, would be multiplying the evil, and if there were any engineering difficulties that would prevent an alternation of discharge east and west at the extremities of the town, it would be better to make but one outfall and to carry the Albion culvert as far out as it could be possible to do. It would do far less harm than three culverts constantly belching their filthy streams, which, sooner or later and more or less attenuated, must strike the shore at the same number of points, at least, during the time of flood. These are points the local engineer should be the most competent to decide, for he has, or ought to have, under his daily observation all the natural phenomena upon which a conclusion should be grounded. Viewing the subject any way we will, draining into the sea is an objectionable process, and only to be adopted when land-drainage is impracticable. The idea of an intercepting sewer at Brighton has certainly passed through the mind of the local engineer, for in his reports he speaks of the impracticability of a low-level sewer along the shore without culverts of enormous size, and alludes to other contemplated measures. An intercepting sewer, however, along the Western-road would be not less than 40 or 50 feet above the sea-level, and would give a very considerable fall. It is possible, however, that the present system of commingled drainage may not be as actively prosecuted a few years hence as it is now. We have yet much to learn. In the meantime, the local engineers have not yet been able to find any practicable plan which is, in their view, so cheap, or so good, or so effective, as going further out to sea in the direction of the natural outfalls. They say that you cannot make your intercepting sewer oscillate like a balance; and if the centre is to be higher than the two extremities, what is to become of the sewage at one end, while the discharge is at the other? To have the intercepting sewer level, and of sufficient size to convey the whole of the sewage, would involve an immense expenditure and very great inconvenience. As the intercepting sewer, to be level, must be very large, it would have a tendency to silt up in the centre. We shall content ourselves, for the present, with a simple admission that these difficulties exist. How they may be surmounted or evaded, it is for engineering skill to devise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH IN CORNWALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The visitors to the watering-places in Cornwall, and to the other places of much resort, as on the banks of the Tamar or elsewhere, being Churchmen and earnest Christians, meet with much to astonish and to sadden them. They cannot but ask what powers are vested in our bishops, and where are the eyes of our archdeacons? They find the churches too often at a seriously inconvenient distance from the great body of the people, and sometimes in situations quite away from the population and almost inaccessible, whether on a hot summer's day or on a chill wet autumn or winter's afternoon or evening. For instance, one church is almost on the brow of a steep cliff, overhanging the Atlantic, and is unsheltered from the western gales, while another is at the summit of the steepest of hills and a mile or more from each of the villages which contain the seven thousand souls or more for whose benefit it is the parish church. Nor is the remoteness of the church accommodation and its insufficiency in other respects made up for by a staff of clergy in proportion to the wants of the people, or by the frequency of the opportunities for public worship. The opportunities for worship are few and far between. Occasionally one clergyman serves two churches, or one church and a chapel-of-ease, or even two churches with a chapel-of-ease, holding but one service in each building during the seven days, and that one service sometimes varied on alternate Sundays from the morning to the afternoon.

Churchmen grieve as they see the necessary consequences of such a state of things; the lower middle classes and the families of mechanics, seamen, miners, and labourers indifferent to the Church, hardly ever present at her worship, at the best present in but small numbers compared with the numbers that repair to the Dissenters' meeting-houses, whether for Sabbath-day or work-day religious exercise. Indeed, in not a few cases, the fixed inhabitants, as regards the present generation, seem to be now hopelessly estranged from the Church through our past neglect. Yet when the visitors look into the gazetteers and directories of the county, or into the Clergy Lists or the Diocesan Calendar, or at the census returns, they see that the insufficiency of church accommodation or the frequent loss of church services is not always because the Church and the nation have made

insufficient provision for the maintenance of an adequate staff of clergy in these localities, or because there is an absence of money among the laity of the locality. They observe that, in these very localities where the Church is so inoperative and weak, the population provide themselves with houses of meeting in which to assemble for their prayers and hymns and the word of instruction or exhortation, which they can procure for themselves; and that the people, by their personal offerings, supplemented by those of their well-to-do sympathizers of other parts, do provide a sufficient maintenance for the ministers who are sent to them by the various religious denominations, to teach them, exhort them, and lead them in their devotions.

The visitors remember the success of the weekly offertory in the churches in other watering-places, and in other parishes where the population is not dissimilar as to component elements from the permanent population of these watering-places. And in consequence they cannot but feel sure, if the clergy of the Church of England lived for their Divine Lord's work, and were determined that the national Church should in every sense be pre-eminent in these localities, and that it should number among its loyal members all but the few rebellious spirits that nothing would win unless we let them have their own way entirely; that then the free-will, week-by-week offerings of the visitors and of the local population, supplemented by the old endowment (which in one case touches £800 per annum, in another is nearly £600, in a third £400, a fourth £350, and £150 where smallest), would amply suffice to enable the Church of England not only to maintain the services and keep up the fabrics of the old and venerated parish churches in these localities, but to restore these fabrics to their original beauty; to provide oratories or chapels of ease in the midst of every village of 300 souls, or at the central point of every scattered population of 300. Neither funds nor persons would be wanting to conduct meetings for prayer and edification and praise, if not assemblies for the more solemn acts of worship, at least one on each Lord's Day, in each such oratory, as well as in the ancient parish church. Why not offer holy Eucharist each Lord's Day, as the primitive Church was wont to do, in the parish church; and then have a hearty even-song, with sermon in each oratory, and a Litany, with hymns and psalms, and an exhortation—laymen sometimes conducting this service,—in each building in the afternoon or the evening? Some of the visitors see that this is what is wanted. One of them would bring the matter under the notice of those who are in the enjoyment of the endowments of these localities, asking them to put it to their own consciences whether they are fulfilling the trust that attaches to the endowment; or if they are satisfied that they are so doing, then he would ask them to explain, before God and the people among whom they live and minister, why the position and spiritual affairs of the Church of England are as they are in the parishes which are under their care?

The case is lamentable indeed. It is before them now. It will be kept before them and the public. As they are in earnest for Christ and zealous for the salvation of souls and for the perfecting of saints in Him to His glory, they will lose no time in taking measures, even to the extent of spending, where the endowment is large, one or two hundred a year or more of the money they receive from the Church, received, indeed, in order that they may provide that the most possible, not the least possible, of the Church's work is done, and done effectually so far as man is concerned. This is the charge which is committed to them. Let them remember that the responsibility is on them. Let them look forward to the account which at the day of judgment must be rendered by them.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

A CHURCHMAN.

P.S. In the cases where the endowment is the largest, I observe that the Prince of Wales is the patron, as Duke of Cornwall. An appeal should be made to his Royal Highness to begin his public life by setting a noble example to landlords and patrons of taking care that there is ample provision, wherever he is landlord or patron, for the spiritual necessities of the whole of the population, according to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, so that no excuse may be left to any one to be a separatist and a breaker of the unity of Christ. Sir John Trelawny, although he advocates the abolition of Church-rates, yet makes much profession of zeal for the Church. He has property in Cornwall, and no little influence. Not a few of the Crown and Duchy livings, having large endowments, are held, I am told, by his relations and connections. Cannot he prevail with them to be examples to all holders of amply-endowed cures of souls by showing through their zeal for souls that ecclesiastical endowments exist for the people, although they are to be enjoyed by the parson; and that the parson exists for the people, and not the people for the parson? The labourer is, indeed, worthy of his hire, and the ox that treadeth out the corn is not to be muzzled, but then the labourer must not keep for himself the hire that is meant to be divided among as many labourers as are required to do the work paid for, when it is manifestly more than sufficient for the hire of one labourer and two or three times as much as labourers engaged on similar work ordinarily are paid. Is not the incumbent of a large parish, with a large population and an ecclesiastical endowment of from £400 a year or more

net, in the position of a ganger to whom the employer pays the hire of a staff of labourers, trusting it to him to employ and to pay a gang adequate to the work committed to him?

PUBLIC SCHOOL COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE "LONDON REVIEW."'

SIR,—In your article upon the late elections at Eton and Winchester, you remark upon the great evil, unhappily too common, of working young boys beyond their powers. This is an evil which perhaps is, to some extent, inseparable from the competitive system applied to boys, and makes one often doubt about the real advantages of the system; but it may be greatly lessened, and I should like to help your effort to lessen it.

From experience of Winchester elections nearly from the time when competition was introduced into them, I may perhaps state my opinion, carefully formed, that overworking boys is generally a hindrance to success. The subjects of examination were very wisely settled from the first so as to discourage "cramming;" and from the results of the examinations, I believe it may be shown that those boys are most likely to do themselves justice, who to the needful *accomplishments*—such they should be rather than any mass of knowledge—add that vigour of mind and body, which is acquired by active mental and physical exercise. For unless they are healthy and strong, they cannot use their acquirements; and use of acquirement is wisely insisted upon, instead of any amount of ill-digested information.

It is true that I have known successful boys worked in a way that seems to verge upon cruelty; but it may be doubted with reason whether success in these cases could not have been equally gained with labour conducted more wisely and moderately. No boys ought to be trained for these trials who have not fair and sound abilities. Parents should not dream of having their sons crammed in a few months, or even a year, unless they are forward before. Tutors should resolutely refuse to prepare those who are not physically and mentally up to the mark; and no hard work should be demanded of boys under ten years of age.

With these and similar cautions, if more important considerations are not made to yield to the hopes of present advantage, competition may, I am inclined to think, be safely carried on amongst boys of twelve and fourteen; but the whole system should be at present regarded as upon trial.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Aug. 26.

E. M.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

INDIAN SECURITIES.

WHEN the Indian mutiny took place in 1857, and the power of British rule suffered, as was supposed, from the policy of "clemency" Canning, the several securities connected with the three Presidencies experienced a decline which, it was feared, would prove severe and permanent. There was at the time, indeed, good reason for this apprehension, because, although few doubted the result of the struggle for supremacy, the cost of the war and the expectation that it would not speedily terminate, prepared every one for new loans and large deficits in the Government accounts. The mutiny spread, and the new loans and large deficits came in regular course and had to be provided for; but notwithstanding the anxiety exhibited in connection with Indian indebtedness, the public gradually absorbed the stock, and having become apparently reconciled to the fact that India, doubtful as her past had been, also promised a future, took heart and kept themselves steeled against unnecessary alarm. If, however, stocks were not for a lengthened period seriously depressed, Indian railway shares exhibited a very extensive fall, through the issues having taken place in rapid succession and calls having been made without regard to the capacity of the market to bear them, in order to supply the demands of the Leadenhall-street Treasury. Loudly as the system was deprecated, and pernicious as its effects were at the moment upon Indian credit, the Home Government sanctioning the proceeding, it was carried out with a high hand, much to the annoyance of the great body of shareholders, many of whom saw nothing else before them but the destruction of themselves and their properties. As is usual in all periods of gloom and despondency, the endeavour of the Indian authorities to exercise pressure was attributed to dishonourable motives; and it was asserted that their pertinacity in enforcing these payments was, in the first place, to obtain all the resources they could from every channel available, and in the next to abrogate the contracts if there was the slightest approach to default. This suspicion, groundless as it eventually turned out to be, did not happily last long; and the Home authorities having at length taken the superintendence of Indian affairs immediately under their control, favourable hopes were entertained of better administration, which, with modified taxation, would produce an enlarged revenue. Before, however, this satisfactory state of things was arrived at, various changes ensued, which more or less affected the whole class of Indian securities, and caused them to fluctuate considerably before they became consolidated into their present position and exhibited the firmness which they now invariably manifest. Despite predictions to the contrary, the assertion that India had sunk irretrievably in a

financial point of view appeared at that juncture to be only too strongly borne out by the confused mass of statistics dignified by the name of the Indian Balance-sheet. The approximate statements as they were called, approached so closely to absolute Indian bankruptcy that even when the mutiny was quelled it was questioned in several quarters whether the Presidencies had sufficient recuperative power to struggle against the weight of increased expenditure. Then arose that cry of a future for India, which, both in and out of Parliament, did much to support the value of the debt, and encourage those who had embarked the savings of a lifetime in the great undertakings which, as a system of communication, had they been in full operation, would have assisted largely in repressing the Sepoy outbreak. Vain regrets were useless on this heavy score, but the fact could not fail to have been brought to mind that railways for India had been advocated in public meetings but neglected even before Mr. Auber retired from the India House secretaryship.

With the cry of a future for India came the accompanying necessity of a proper and equitable adjustment of its finances, and to effect this it was desirable to appoint an Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer who should co-operate with the Supreme Council in Calcutta in re-arranging the taxation, investigating the expenditure and establishing, through the chief Presidential Government Bank, those financial conduit-pipes for the collection of revenue which would bring it without delay to the fountain-head. The late Mr. Wilson went to work, and succeeded in a great degree, when he arrived out in Calcutta, in unravelling and simplifying the mass of conglomerated detail which, as exhibited in the House of Commons by Sir C. Wood, perfectly defied inquiry. Notwithstanding that his balance-sheet, in one or two minor points, was not free from blemish, it exhibited a brighter picture of Indian finances and Indian resources than the majority of the most sanguine dared to suppose. When that hard-worked functionary announced the probability of the revenue not only meeting the expenditure in a year or two, but of positively leaving a surplus, credulous people shook their heads and, inclined to believe, as they were, in their favourite, thought he had been influenced by the rose-coloured estimates of his subordinates, and that he would subsequently have to recant. But greater was their surprise, when death removed the first Indian Chancellor, to find that the second, the Rt. Hon. Samuel Laing, was even more satisfied than his predecessor of the expansive power of local revenue and the general resources of the country. This was almost too much for Sir C. Wood, who, chagrined at the success of Mr. Laing in a department where it was said he must fail, denounced in open debate the assumed figures of his protégé, and ungraciously attempted to disprove his sanguine estimates. No one could stand such a reproof as this, and certainly not a man of the mould of Mr. Laing; he, therefore, resigned, and left his work, so vigorously commenced, to be followed out by others. Meanwhile, India and her resources never faltered—she struggled forward, and gradually disencumbered herself of her embarrassments, the revenue steadily increasing and rising, till at last it actually verified Mr. Laing's promise. Dispatched to perfect the plans inaugurated by Wilson and further promoted by Laing, Sir Charles Trevelyan left for the seat of Government, and he in his budget has since confirmed and in every way attested the elasticity of Indian capacity to provide for Indian expenditure, and leave a surplus. Sir C. Wood has very wisely abstained from breaking a lance with this last Presidential Chancellor, and he seems now prepared to submit, inconveniently as it may be, to India having recovered her pecuniary status with much greater rapidity than he hoped.

India having thus resumed her former position, or being, under her present administration, in a decidedly superior position to what she was when John Company possessed her management, the debt has become a much more appreciable property, and the shares of the railways have exhibited strength at an enhanced value. It has naturally been a work of time to get these securities into a better and firmer condition; but there seems no reason to doubt, from what is passing around us, that they will maintain, if they do not rise beyond, their current quotations. They have, indeed—and there can be no doubt about it, though a financial contemporary has occasionally endeavoured to combat the fact—come largely into competition with Consols and English securities; and whether we look at the India Five per Cents., the rupee paper, the debentures, or the list of the railway shares, the class of holders speak significantly of their character as pure and sound investments. Endeavours at one time have been made to dispute the validity of the contracts of the railways with respect to the nature of the guarantee; at another, Indian revenue, it has been said, may decrease, and then whence the source for the payment of dividends? But these are merely the views of speculative operators, whose feelings are as jaundiced as the colour of the gold they would draw, if possible, from their dealings when disturbance is ruling in the markets, and when the public are prematurely frightened into selling. The original guaranteed India Stock, the fixed capital of the old Leadenhall Company, to be paid off at a definite date, is held much in the same way as Bank Stock, and, with its certain annual return, rules at a full value. The India Five per Cent. Loan, the result of the money raised to liquidate part of the debt of the mutiny, and the Four per Cent. Debentures, terminable at a regular date, are supported at prices showing that the public have great confidence in them, and are prepared to hold them as a high-class marketable security. The late endeavour to connect them was one of those mistakes which Sir C. Wood is so fond of committing in the shape of experiment; and if the character of the debentures existed

upon his power, instead of resting safely, as they do, on Indian revenue and the sanction of the British Government, nothing was more calculated than this step to interfere with their stability. The admission of the rupee paper for registration in England was one of the wisest steps ever adopted. It was a financial operation of an important nature, and carried out at the suggestion of several of the Indian banks, was attended with advantage and considerable profit to those interested. Ranking as the three classes do, according to their rates of 4, 5, and 5½ per cent., they command quotations which it is imagined will be well supported. The railways, with the completion of capital, the speedy progress of works, and the returns which traffic indicate, must ultimately become good dividend-paying properties; and as they will in the majority of instances attain a maximum beyond the guarantee of 5 per cent., proprietors should be amply satisfied with prospects, and not seek to chop or change them for any other ephemeral security. Indian stocks and shares must be allowed to take a foremost stand among the best kinds of negotiable property of the day, since they possess a basis that can only be destroyed by the decadence of the English Government itself, which will be near at hand when we lose our sway in British India.

THE Bank directors did not reduce their rate on Thursday. This is in consequence of a slight increase in the demand at the national establishment from the pressure out of doors. The rate for first-class paper is quite up to 4 per cent. in most quarters. Eventually, however, the quotation must come down.

THE amount of gold sent into the Bank on Thursday afternoon was £35,000. Previously in the week about £422,000 was the total. The return of the position of the establishment is favourable. The reserve of notes is £8,193,265, and the bullion stands at £15,494,219.

CONSOLS have further gradually advanced to 93½ to ¾ for money and the account. Although the account is fixed for the 9th, it is thought with fine weather, the issue of the harvest, and the influx of bullion, an increased rise may take place.

FOREIGN stocks are once more the rage. A number of the operators have returned to town, and they have made large speculative purchases. Turkish Consolidés, according to report, are to go to 55; they at present stand at 53½ to ½. Mexican, it is rumoured, will be 42 or 43; the current price is 39½ to ½. Greek will, it is asserted, touch 40; the existing quotation is 36½ to 37½. Spanish Passives are to go to 38; they, for the instant, remain 34½ to 35½. These reports may be realized if the current of transactions shall set in, and prices on the French Bourse, with the peaceable course of affairs, remain buoyant. There is a movement also to create an improvement in Spanish National Passives, which have risen one or two per cent.

NEXT to foreign stocks, the tendency seems to be towards the shares of the financial societies and several of the new banks. Quotations have already advanced, but it is alleged they will ascend higher.

THE Confederate Cotton Loan remains at 28 to 27 discount. The business in this security, although the intelligence respecting the South is not discouraging, has been reduced to a low point.

RAILWAY shares are steady. After foreign stocks have had the first turn, the best of these classes will come into fashion. It will be a good autumn and winter business in this department if other affairs proceed pleasantly.

ADDITIONAL Bank amalgamations are being arranged. The Union of England and France join with the English and Netherlands Bank; both will be strengthened by the arrangement, and a good business ought to be secured. The Union of Ireland are being prompted by the shareholders to commence business in London. Could not a satisfactory fusion be completed between them and the English and Irish Bank? We expect to have to record other amalgamations and fusions between both private and joint-stock banks before the end of the year. The amalgamation of Messrs. Hankey & Co., with the Consolidated Bank, is said to be working extremely well.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Babes (The) in the Basket; or, Daph and her Charge. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Brabazon's (E. J.) A Month at Gravesend. Fcap., 2s.
 Burns' (A. Scott) Self-aid Cyclopædia for Self-taught Students. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Captain Brand of "The Centipede": his Loves and his Exploits. By Lieut. H. A. Wise. New edit. Crown 8vo., 2s.
 Daisy (The); or, Cautionary Stories in Verse. 27th edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Day's (F.) The Land of the Permouls; or, Cochin, its Past and Present. 8vo., £1. 5s.
 Flowers and Fruit from Bible Lands. 16mo., 1s.
 Forest Cave (The); or, Revenge. A Tale from the German. Fcap., 1s.
 Greene's (H.) Euclid's Plane Geometry Practically Applied. Book I. Fcap., 6d.
 James' (G. P. R.) Novels. Cheap edit. Arabella Stuart. Fcap., 1s.
 Lady's (A) Visit to Manila and Japan. By Anna D'A. 8vo., 14s.
 Le Fievre's Guide to Guernsey. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Mexico: The Country, History, and People. Fcap., 3s.
 Miller's (Dr. W. A.) Elements of Chemistry. Part I. 3rd edit. 8vo., 12s.
 Molesworth's (G. N.) Pocket Book of Useful Formulae for Engineers. 3rd edit. Oblong 32mo., roan, 4s. 6d.
 Monro's (Rev. E.) Eustace; or, The Lost Inheritance. Fcap., 2s.
 Passion Flowers: Meditations in Verse. Fcap., 3s.
 Payn's (Jas.) Furness Abbey and its Neighbourhood. Illustrated by Photographs. 4to., 16s.
 Perrin's (J.) Elements of French Conversation, by C. Gros. New edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Punch! Re-issue. Vol. 31. 4to., boards, 5s.
 Railway Library.—Vols. 30 and 31 in 1 Vol. (1856.) 4to., cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.
 Adventures of a Beauty. By Catherine Crowe. Fcap., 2s.
 A Wife to Order. By F. Gerstaecker. Fcap., 2s.
 Reader (The): a Review of Literature, Science, and Art. Vol. 1. Folio, 11s.
 Rübke's (C.) French Examination Papers. Key to, by Paul Debussy. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Scott's (Sir W.) Waverley Novels. Cheap edit. Vol. 21. Woodstock. Fcap., 1s.
 Stationer's (The) Handbook: a Guide to the Paper Trade. 3rd edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Tate (A. N.) on Petroleum and its Products. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Van Laun's (H.) French Grammar. Part I. Accidence. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Vissoher's (J. C.) Letters from Malabar. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Wilson's Tales of the Borders. Cheap edit. Vol. 5. Fcap., 1s.